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GEORGE THE FOURTH.

News and Politics are to us prohibited subjects. If they were not, it would, perhaps, be idle, at this eleventh hour, to intrude our opinions, and discuss, in our limited space, what huge folio sheets have been the whole week devoted to. But as Journalists of Literature and Art, we trust it may be permitted to us to express our sympathy with all lovers of either, at the death of the most distinguished Patron of both since the days of Charles the First. It was under George the Fourth that the National Gallery was founded,—an Institution yet in its infancy, but which will flourish when more agitating and more conspicuous events shall have been forgotten. He it was who founded the Society of Literature, and whose truly royal munificence supported it. It was to his cultivated and refined taste we are indebted for the architectural magnificence of London; which having heretofore only a few isolated buildings worthy of observation, may now contest the palm of beauty with any city in Europe. The British Museum was enriched by him;—the Royal Academy shared in his liberality. His countenance and support were never wanting either to Art or Literature. The names of Lawrence, Wilkie, Chantrey, Westmacott, and innumerable others, will testify to the splendid liberality of his patronage. We say nothing here of his Private Collection of pictures, unequalled by any gallery in Europe, collected in one life, for this is evidence only of his taste—the others are public acts that specially distinguish the Sovereign; and we regret that they have been too much forgotten in the ill-digested piles of contradiction circulating everywhere as the Biography of George the Fourth. He that writes the life of a king should be animated with the spirit of an historian. But contemporary memoirs, though the material out of which truth will be elicited, are not truth;—temporary passions, personal and political prejudice, have their influence on the writers, and time only can divest them of their false colouring. This is an old truism; but we have lately been made to feel it sensibly. As a king, therefore, even if it were permitted to us to discuss the question, we should desire to leave his character to the more equal justice of posterity;—but as a Patron of Literature and Art, we cannot hesitate to place him among the first of this or any age.

Wallenstein's Camp, from the German; and Original Poems. 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

THERE is only one poem in all our literature which, we think, can be compared to the Camp of Wallenstein, and that is the "Jolly Beggars" of Burns. In vigour of character, untamed force of language, and that dramatic life which animates every page, there is really no little resemblance. The persons in the rustic drama of the Scottish Bard, it is true, are the scum of the community; while those of the German poet are the warriors who resisted the victorious Gustavus the Swede—so far only they are unlike: in word and in deed they seem of the same race. A maimed soldier, a strolling fiddler, a mendicant sailor, a slight-of-hand juggler, and a wandering minstrel, with doxies to match, compose the *dramatis persone* of Burns, and they are assembled at "Posie Nancie's,"—a rendezvous of note—

To toon their powks and pawn their duds,"—and be happy and glorious. The audacious songs which they sing in character, are connected by recitative verses of the same strong texture, describing the noise and fun which rises, fast and furious, as the drink circulates. The whole concludes with a song, in which all voices join, a song which, with more wit than delicacy, claims for those merry mendicants a happiness beyond that of princes, and a right of way to all enjoyments which are natural, without fear of the church or dread of the law. Schiller has laid the scene of his Camp, near Pilsen in Bohemia; the time is after the battle of Lutzen, and on the eve of the separation of the army. The actors are all "Alexanders of sixpence a day,"—men accustomed to the vicissitudes of war—acquainted with sudden onslaughts and sharp sieges—who pant for battle and sigh for plunder—and have castles to guard which they long to burn.

Of those heroes of the religious wars, Monroee has given us an authentic picture,—one which we have no pleasure in contemplating;—the soldier was paid something like a third of his wages, and allowed to make up the remainder by plunder; and of this licence many made such good use that they retired rich. Sir Walter Scott has made a full-length drawing of one of those mercenary warriors, in the person of Ritt-Master Dugald Dalgetty,—a courageous, cool, and calculating person, but unlike those fiery and audacious soldiers, who, in the Camp of Schiller, follow the banner of Wallenstein, and drink, and drab, and preach, and plot, with such spirit and recklessness.

The poem opens with a view of the Camp at Pilsen, with sutlers' tents, sloop-shops, soldiers of all uniforms and nations passing and repassing—tables full—Croats and Huns cooking—a sutler's wife serving out wine—soldiers' children throwing dice on a drum—while from the tents comes the mingled din of singing and swearing. The chief persons of the drama then make their appearance:—they are a serjeant-major and trumpeter of Terschka's cavalry—an artilleryman—Tyrolese sharpshooters—mounted Yagers of Holk's corps—dragoons of Butler's regiment—Arquebusiers of Tiefenbach's regiment—cuirassiers of the Walloons

and Lombards—Croats, Huns, recruits, capuchins, a regimental schoolmaster, a sutler's wife, servant girls, children, and strolling musicians. The wild, the spirited conversation which ensues amongst those worthies cannot be described: it can only be shown in bulk or in sample,—for we speak of men who say of themselves

We are here to-day
And gone to-morrow—and far away.
This war is a besom: we wander and tramp
As it sweeps us onward from camp to camp.

One of Holk's Yagers lifts the veil a little, and shows us the aspect of his corps: he is reproved by the Serjeant-major, but ably supported by a comrade who eloped from school, and is distinguished by the name of Master Peter, because he can read and write. The conversation is very spirited:—

Second Yager. Question, and ask us, what men we be—

The Friedlander's huntmen wild are we.
We shame not the title: for free we go
Over the country of friend or foe;
Over furrow and ridge, through the yellow corn,
They know the yell of Holk's Yager horn.
In the lapse of an instant near and far,
Swift as the sin-flood, there we are—
As the red fire-flame through the rafters breaks
In the dead of the dark night when no man wakes:
To fight or to fly they may neither avail,
Drill and discipline both must fail;
In the sinewy arm may the maiden strain—
War has no pity, she struggles in vain.
Now ask if ye doubt me—ask far and wide;
In Baireuth and Cassel, and elsewhere beside.
Where'er we have marched they remember us well;
Their children's children the tale shall tell—
For the age to come, and for others too—
Where Holk and his squadrons have once marched through.

Serjeant. Hear how he talks. Is the soldier found
In the riot and waste which he spreads around?
The sharpness makes him—the dash, the tact,
The cunning to plan and the spirit to act.

First Yager. 'Tis liberty makes him! That I shoud hear
Such phrases unmeet for a soldier's ear—
That I should have left the rod and the school,
The ink desk and the pedant's rule,
In the tent of the soldier again to find
The galley-slave work which I left behind.
I will swim with the current, and idly stray
For change and for novelty every day;
To the will of the instant give myself o'er,
Look not behind me, and look not before:
For this I'm the Emperor's, body and limb,
My cares and my troubles make over to him.
Let him order me straight where the battle is hot,
Through the smoke of the cartridge, the hailstorm of shot,

Or o'er the blue deeps of the hurrying Rhine:
Let the third man be down to the end of the line,
I will march where he will, so that freedom be mine;
But as for restraint I must beg for a trace,
And for every thing further I make my excuse.

Such men as these are for the working-day in war: they excel, too, in portraiture, and their pictures of the licence which they enjoyed have what artists call *gusto*. Their words ring like a hammer on a steel anvil. One of them, having vindicated his own corps for superiority in licentiousness as well as in valour, favours us with the history of his services in the following graphic way:—

First Yager. What a coil and a turmoil, in word and in deed,
With that plague of his people—Gustavus the Swede.
His camp was a church, and a chapel each tent,
And to it at morning and evening we went;
To psalms and to prayers round the standard we flew,
By the morning reveille and the evening tattoo;
And if we but ventured an oath or a jest,
He would preach from the saddle as well as the best.

Sergeant. He ruled in religion and godly fear.
First Yager. And as for the girls they must fly the camp.

Or straight to the altar both parties must tramp.
This last was too much, and I left him here.

Sergeant. The Swede, on this head, now is less severe.

First Yager. So I rode where the Leagist had just sat down,

And opened his trenches 'gainst Magdeburgh town.
Aye, there was a different game to play—

All was jovial, merry, and gay;
Dice and women, and plenty of wine—

The stakes were deep and the sport was fine;
For the fierce old Tilly knew how to command.

Though he governed himself with an iron hand,
He could blink at our faults, and the soldier could claim

The licence denied to his own old frame;
And if from the chest he had little to give,

He went by the proverb of live and let live.
But Tilly's fortunes might not stand fast,

And he lost his all on the Leipzick cast;
All crumbled at once and to pieces fell—

No scheme would answer, no blow would tell;
Where we came, and where we knocked,

Faces were surly, and doors were locked.
We begged and we wandered the country round,

For the old respect was not to be found;
So to mend my fortunes I marched away

To the Saxon's forces, and touch'd his pay.
Sergeant. You nicked the moment: no doubt you fell

On Bohemia's plunder.

First Yager. It went not well;
For their cursed discipline held us tight,

And we dared not demean us as foes outright.
We had castles to guard which we longed to burn—

With compliments, speeches, at every turn,
The war was a jest, and we played our part

In such childish sport, with but half an heart.
In an wholesale fashion we might not deal,

No honour nor profit to win or steal;
And to fly from a life which I liked so ill

I had well nigh returned to the desk and quill,
But the sword still carried it over the pen,

For the Friedlander's levies began just then.
Sergeant. And how long here may you look to stay?

First Yager. You joke: while the Friedlander holds the sway

For my desertion take you no fear—
Where can the soldier sit better than here?

We have war to deal with in form and soul,
And the cut of greatness throughout the whole;

And the spirit that works in the living form,
Whirls on in its course like the winter storm—

Trooper, like officer, on with the rest.
I too step forward among the best;

I too on the citizen learned to tread,
As the general steps on the prince's head.

Such customs the good old times recall,
When the blade of the soldier was all in all.

There is one transgression: by word or look
To gansay the word of the Order-Book.

All that is not forbidden, is free—
No man asks of what creed ye be:

All things to the army belong or not,
I with the former have cast my lot—

I to the standard am pledged alone.
Sergeant. You please me, Yager! in sooth your tone

Is that of ourselves, of the Friedlander's own.

Nor is the character of Wallenstein himself spared.
It seems, like our famous Claverhouse,

He was supposed proof against lead and steel;
and, as the rumour goes of Napoleon, was occasionally visited by a serviceable sort of demon,

or little brown spirit, who planned battles and gave hints of sieges;—in short, the soldiers who followed him to victory believed that he had purchased success at the price of his own soul:

these are their words:—
First Yager. He bears not his staff like some petty

sway
Which the Emperor gave and can take away:

He serves not, he, for the Emperor's gain—
And how has he propped the Emperor's reign?

And what has he done to protect the land
From the terrible Swede and his Lutheran band?

No, a soldier kingdom he fain would found;
Light up and fire the world around,

Measure out and conquer his own domain.
Trumpeter. Hush, who would venture so bold a

strain!

First Yager. I speak what I think, and I speak it plain—

'Twas the general's saying, that words are free.
Sergeant. He stood as he uttered it close to me;

And added moreover, I call to mind,
"That deeds are dumb and obedience blind."

And these are his spoken words I know.
First Yager. I wot not if these were his words or no,

But however he said it the thing is so.
Second Yager. For him the chances are ever the

same;
Not, as with others, they turn and veer.

The fierce old Tilly outlived his fame;
But the Friedlander's banner is charmed to fly

To certain triumph and victory—
He has spell-bound fortune to his career.

Those who follow him to fight,
Own the aid of darker night;

For friends and foes alike will say,
That the Friedlander holds a devil in pay.

Sergeant. He is proof; and of that no man can doubt.
I saw him in Lutsen's bloodiest rout,

Where the musketeers' cross-fire chiefly swept,
As coolly as on the parade he stepped.

His hat, I saw it, was riddled with shot,
In his boots and buff coat the lead was hot;

But the hellish salve was so well rubbed in,
That not a bullet might raze the skin.

First Yager. What miracles now? who credits such stuff?

He wears a jerkin of elk-skin tough,
Through which no bullet may find its way.

Sergeant. Once more 'tis the witches' salve I say,
Cooked up with sigil and sign and spell.

Trumpeter. Dark doings these with the fiends of hell.
Sergeant. They say that he reads in planet and star

Things to happen both near and far;
But others believe—and I know they are right—

That a small grey man at the hour of night,
Through the bolted portals is wont to glide,

Has brushed by the sentinel's very side,
Challenged and screamed to have never replied;

And something of import was ever near,
When the little grey man has been known to appear.

Second Yager. He is sold to the devil I doubt indeed,
Which causes the jovial life we lead.

Though the common soldiers excel the Sergeant-major in enthusiasm and dare-devil language;
he surpasses them far in homely happiness of illustration, in felicity of argument, and in drawing order out of misrule. Nothing beats his address to his companions, when he presents the new candidate for glory, but the speech of the Scotch recruiting sergeant,—“And know, gentlemen, for your farther encouragement, our corps is the most blackguard corps in the world, therefore a worthy man has a sure chance of preferment.” The language of the German is loftier than that of the Scot, but scarcely so characteristic:—

Sergeant. He stands in very act to slip
The cable now of fortune's ship;

The world is in his vision's scope:
Who dares not has no right to hope.

In the selfsame circle of lot and need
The burgher tramps like the dyer's steed;

But the soldier may start from that beaten way,
To endless honour and wealth may stray.

In the Emperor's service I carry with pride,
With this coat and colours, the cane beside:

From a stock like this in old times it went,
All rule and order and government.

What the Emperor carries himself is known,
For a corporal's cane to a sceptre grown.

He who by merit can once attain
The right to brandish the corporal's cane,

Has his foot on the ladder, and who may count
The steps which his fortune then shall mount?

First Yager. Reading and writing understood.
Sergeant. There is Butler, for instance: 'tis thirty

years good
Since as privates together we stood in line,

At Cologne's city upon the Rhine.
He is general now, and my humble state

Is not so little as his is great.
And the Friedlander's self, whose paramount sway

Princes and generals all obey,
Was a petty nobleman once, like those

Over whose heads in his turn he rose;—
Rose, inasmuch as his trust he gave

To war's wild goddess, who guides the brave.
On war his greatness has founded its throne,

Which, next to the Emperor's, stands alone.
And who can tell where it may be set?

(*Mysteriously.*) For his star has not stooped in its circle yet.

But the wild licence of the camp passes not without reproof. There is a monitor in the guise of a Capuchin, who, coming suddenly in the dark to a door through which a girl is chased by one of the Yagers, is seized by the soldier, who, instead of a kiss, receives a rebuke. He is no faint-hearted Friar, but a bold, wise, and well-spoken man, who goes roundly to the work of admonition and reform:—

Shout and swear, ye devil's crew;
He is one among ye, and I make two.

Can these be Christians in faith or works?
Are we Anabaptists, Jews, or Turks?

Is this a time to feast or play,
For banquet, dance, and holiday?

When the quickest are slow, and the earliest late is,
Quid hic otiosi statis?

When the furies are loose by the Danube's side,
And the bulwark is low of Bavaria's pride,

And Ratisbon in the enemy's claw,
The soldier still looks to his ravenous maw;
For, praying or fighting, he eats and swears,
Less for the battle than the bottle he cares.

Thou shalt not steal—so the Scriptures tell,
And for this I grant that you keep it well;
For you carry your plunder, and lift your prey,
With your vulture claws, in the face of day;

Gold from the chest your tricks convey:
The calf in the cow is not safe from you,

You take the egg and the hen thereto.
Contenti estote, the preacher has said:

Be content with your ammunition bread.
But the low and the humble 'twere sin to blame,

From the greatest and highest the evil came;
The limbs are bad, but the head as well:

No one his faith or his creed can tell.
First Yager. Sir Priest, the soldier I count fair

game;
So, please you, keep clear of the general's name.

Capuchin. *Ne custodias gregem meum;*
He is an Ahab and Jeroboam;

God's people to folly he leads astray,
To idols of falsehood he points the way.

Trumpeter. Let us not hear that twice, I pray.
Capuchin. Such a Bramarbas, with iron hand,

Would spoil the high places throughout the land.
We know, though Christian lips are loth

To repeat the words of his golden oath,
How Stralsund's city he vowed to gain,

Though it held to heaven with bolt and chain.
Trumpeter. Will no man throttle him, once for all?

As the war is near the close, it is whispered that the army is to be separated—a dread of loss of “occupation” comes over the Spirits of the camp, and they proceed to drink and deliberate how they shall best keep their foot in the steel stirrup, and gold and wine in their knapsacks. Here the experience of the Sergeant-major is of use; he quaffs a cup—a good-will offering from the sutler's wife—and commences:—

Serg. Now look, my masters: 'tis not denied
That each for his own may best provide;
But him the general calls most wise,

Who with a glance the whole describes.
The Friedlander's troops, observe, are we,

And his name through the country lends us free.
The trembling burgher that claim confesses,

And quarters and billets us, cooks our messes;
Through mire and slough, in the baggage train,

The labouring steer and horse must strain,
And the harassed owner may grumble in vain;

O'er village and hamlet, many a day
A corporal's guard may hold the sway.

What follows? The peasant churls detest
The sight of the trooper's yellow vest,

And wish in the devil's deepest den
Both Friedland's duke and his trusty men.

And why with their numbers may they not dare
To sweep the country, and send us there?

And why can we laugh at the surly crew?
But because we can count up our numbers too.

First Y. Aye, aye, in numbers resides the spell;
And the cunning Friedlander knew it well:

When the Emperor's levies were raised before
Some eight years since, or it may be more,

On some twelve thousand they all agreed:
Twelve thousand, he answered, I cannot feed;

But make them sixty, and then rely
That of hunger not a man shall die:

And 'tis thus we came under his command.
Serg. To show, that all may understand,

Here are four fingers of my hand:
Now strike me off one and no more,

The least and weakest of the four.
Is that small finger only maimed?

No, by my faith, the hand is lamed.
I call these same eight thousand horse

The little finger of our force.
Let them but march—on Pilsen's plains

An useless stump the rest remains;
The awe, the fear, the respect are o'er,

And the peasant lifts up his crest once more;
The quarter-billet and ration then

Will be doled by the scratch of an office pen;
Again we are beggars! and if from his side

Those horse shall be taken, the army's pride,
The Duke will soon follow his trusty men.

And who, when the soldier's support and stay
By sneaking civilians is torn away,

Will enforce our contracts, or squeeze our pay?
And who has the influence? who, the command?

The ready wit, and the powerful hand,
To gather and govern and order aright

The scattered masses of Austria's might?
Let yonder trooper, to make this clear,

Tell us what country has sent him here.
First Dragoon. From Ireland I.

Serg. (to the Cuirassier.) And by his tone
This comrade is for a Lombard known:

A Walloon the other.

First Cuir. My home to say
Were hard: from the cradle they stole me away.

Serg. Your birthplace is hardly near at hand?

First Arquebuser. From Buchan.
Serg. And you?
Second Arquebuser. From Switzerland.
Second Y. And I, from Weimar, make up the bond.
Serg. (pointing to the Trumpeter.) And we from Egra. And now we know
 How we drifted together, like winter snow,
 From all the quarters of all the sky
 Into one united company;
 Against the foe we have formed one mass,
 Molten and welded like iron or brass.
 Does not the strength of our common will
 Work like the wheels of an ordered mill,
 Where each strikes in, and where none may decline
 To stand by his comrade's word or sign?

We have quoted enough of this singular drama to vindicate more than the admiration we have expressed. It is accompanied by some original poems, full of tenderness and beauty, which we may briefly notice hereafter.

To put such a wild, and strange, and peculiar work as "Wallenstein's Camp," into an English dress, requires fine scholarship and poetic power,—and more, a happy and careless audacity of expression suitable to the ready-made reproaches who figure in the drama. We know that first-rate German scholars have pronounced this poem untranslatable;—but here it is living with all the life of Schiller, and speaking with a tongue equally bold and free. We have read what Shelley translated of Goethe—what Coleridge translated of Schiller—and the "Wilhelm-Meister" of Carlyle;—but we think "Wallenstein's Camp" the most readable of them all.—There is no author's name in the title-page of this little book; but it is well known to be the work of Lord Francis Leveson Gower.

The Life of Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. By his Widow. 2 vols. 4^{to}. London, 1830. Murray.

WE shall now conclude our brief abstract of these interesting volumes.

Our last notice left Heber settled at Hodnet, and just married. He now engaged zealously and diligently in the work of his ministry. To these important duties all else were subordinate. But with the refined taste of early life, he still gave his hours of relaxation to literature. His situation and feelings are well described in another of his letters to an old schoolfellow:—

"It is very foolish, perhaps; but I own, I sometimes think that I am not thrown into that situation of life for which I am best qualified. I am in a sort of half-way station, between a parson and a squire; condemned, in spite of myself, to attend to the duties of the latter, while yet I neither do nor can attend to them sufficiently; nor am I quite sure, that even my literary habits are well suited to the situation of a country clergyman. I have sometimes felt an unwillingness in quitting my books for the care of my parish; and have been tempted to fancy that, as my studies are Scriptural, I was not neglecting my duty. Yet I must not, and cannot deceive myself: the duties which I am paid to execute, have certainly the first claim on my attention; and while other pursuits are my amusement, these are properly my calling. Probably, had I not been a scholar, other pursuits, or other amusements, would have stepped in, and I should have been exposed to equal or greater temptations; but, I confess, when I consider how much I might have done, and how little, comparatively, I have done in my parish, I sometimes am inclined to think that a fondness for study is an unfortunate predilection for one who is the pastor of so many people. The improvement of my parish does not correspond to those pleasant dreams with which I entered on my office. My neighbours profess to esteem me; but an easy temper will, in this respect, go a great way. I write sermons, and have moderately good congregations; but not better than I had on first commencing my career. The schools, &c. which I projected, are all com-

paratively at a stand-still; and I am occasionally disposed to fancy that a man cannot attend to two pursuits at once, and that it will be at length necessary to burn my books, like the early converts to Christianity." i. 392-3.

He was now named as Bampton Lecturer for 1815; and some speculative opinions advanced on this occasion engaged him in polemical controversy; but his learning, his talent, and his temper were admitted and admired by all. In 1817 he was appointed by the Bishop of St. Asaph to a stall in that Cathedral.

He had from the first establishment of the Quarterly Review, been a contributor, and continued so; although, at this time, he was much engaged in writing his Hymns; and the letter in which he applied to the Bishop of London, to get them licensed for public service, is full of learning and good sense. His next work, to which he affixed his name, was "The Life of Jeremy Taylor," and this period of his life is illustrated by many pleasant and familiar letters. In 1822, he was appointed Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and shortly after Bishop of Calcutta. His feeling on this occasion our first extracts well illustrated; but it is only from the correspondence itself, as given in these volumes, that a just estimate can be formed of the zeal, the devotion of the man, and of the virtuous self-postponement, which alone induced him to accept that high office. He might truly say that he "was not actuated by any secular or unworthy views;" as to income, taking into consideration the necessary expenses consequent on the office, and the country to which he was to be removed, he gained little indeed; and what he suffered in feeling, in friendship, in all those links of affection that only bind us to life, in separating himself from England, is written legibly in the account here given of leave-takings, and the universal regrets of all who knew him from the most learned of his college, to the simplest-hearted of his parishioners. Such feelings in others best testify to the feelings of the man himself; they are consequent upon them. One of his first letters after leaving England, addressed to Mr. Wilmot Horton, is characteristic of his amiable, happy, and contented disposition, and of the familiar ease of his correspondence:—

"Of the sea, on which so large a part of my future life must be passed (more particularly if I carry my Australasian visitations into effect) I have already some means of forming an opinion, and, so far as I am myself concerned, we seem likely to suit each other perfectly. Though we have had a good deal of contrary weather, and our full allowance of the noble game of pitch and toss, I have not been unwell even for an hour; and between the various occupations of reading, writing, walking the quarter-deck, watching the flying fish, and learning Hindoostanee and Persian, I have not as yet felt any of that vacuity of time of which I was most apprehensive, and of which others have complained as the worst calamity of a long sea-voyage. The only want I feel is of exercise,—a serious one, and which I know not how to remedy: merely pacing the deck is nothing. I cannot (*salvâ gravitate*) amuse myself with running up and down the shrouds as the young cadets do;—and though I have a most majestic and Patagonian pair of dumb bells (after the manner of Bengal), I cannot use them in my cabin without endangering my wife and child, and have not yet reconciled myself to exhibiting them on deck, or among the hen-coops. My resource, I apprehend, must be to live more sparingly in proportion to my necessary inactivity; but, as my northern appetite still subsists in full vigour, even this will be by no means an agreeable remedy; while it is one of which my shipmates seem to have no notion. Most of them every morning begin at half-past eight with a break-

fast of cold ham, mutton chops, or broiled herrings; renew the war at twelve with biscuit, cheese, and beer—dine at three in a very substantial manner—tea it and toast it at six—and conclude the day at nine with a fresh lading of biscuit and cheese, and a good tumbler of grog or wine and water. The ladies, indeed, do not leave their cabins before dinner time, and are only present in the cuddy at dinner and in the evening. Yet I hear the clash of knives and forks going on with great spirit behind the bulkheads; and have every reason to believe that the weaker sex finds at least as much need of a full and generous diet as the colonels, majors, and captains of sea and land. And this (I am assured by many persons) is the custom of India, where 'to eat little and often' is recommended by the best physicians. The 'often' they have certainly hit off to a nicety. Of the 'little' I will only say, that if this be the abstinence of the East, it is no matter of wonder with me that some folks leave their livers there.

"Though now decidedly within the tropics, and with the sun to the northward of us, we have no heat to complain of; and though most people on board have assumed linen or camlet clothes, it has been, I think, as much from fashion as necessity. Till within these few days, indeed, the weather has been decidedly cold; and, while in the latitude of Lisbon and Gibraltar, the captain more than once complained that, if it had not been for the 'blue water,' he might still have fancied himself amidst the cold and 'dirty' weather of the channel or the German Sea. Of this blue water I had heard much, and it certainly does not fall short of my expectation. In bright weather it is, as compared with our green sea, richly and strikingly beautiful, and the flakes of foam streak it like *lapis lazuli* inlaid with silver. Even in storms, it has a warmer and richer tint than that of the waves which chased us from Ilbree island towards Parkgate, and enables me to understand more fully than I ever did before the 'wine-faced sea,' *οἶνοπα ποῦτον* of Homer. For the rest, I have seen dolphins, flying fishes, and a grampus; a whale and a shark have paid the ship a visit, but I was not then on deck. The flying fish are, as yet, very small; and the flocks in which they skim along the surface of the waves give them so much the appearance of water-wagtails, that a repeated and attentive view is required to convince a stranger of their actual fishhood.

"After all we did not stop at Madeira. Captain Manning was only authorized, he said, to do so, if some real necessity were made out, and as we had a fine wind at the time, it would have been unwise to lose it by a delay which must have been too short to see much of the island. I availed myself, however, of the letter which you kindly procured for me to the consul, so far as to consign to his charge some letters which we had an opportunity of sending on shore by a brig bound for Funchal.—I am called to my Hindoostanee lecture, in which Emily has for some days back been sufficiently recovered to join. We are fortunate in having an excellent instructor in one of our fellow-passengers, the same young cadet, MacGeorge, whom Dr. Gilchrist recommended to us in London. The whole vessel is, indeed, a scene of study all morning. Besides our young friend, there is a native sailor on board who professes himself, though in reduced circumstances, a regular Moonshoe, and gives lectures to several of the cadets and writers; while one of these last is himself a prize-fighter from Hertford, and has volunteered to teach the most ornate style of 'Taleek' writing, to as many as shall be disposed to receive his instructions. And when I add that the cuddy-table is every forenoon covered with logarithms, sextants, &c., you will see that I have, at least, some chance of becoming wiser from my present expedition." ii. 146-8.

On his arrival at Calcutta, he devoted himself with all his accustomed zeal to the duties of his high office—to inform himself of the wants of the church in all parts of his extensive diocese—to establish schools—to complete Bishop's College—to reconcile differences among the clergy—and the necessity for this exertion is but too apparent. He wrote to Mr. Thornton—

"We are sadly off for clergy in India; instead of twenty-eight chaplains, the complete number for Bengal, we have only thirteen. * * *

"I hope my chaplain will arrive ere long; but, in the meantime, we are in much difficulty, and even his arrival will be a very small help in proportion to the work required. Corrie would willingly work himself to death, but I am obliged to keep him within bounds; and, indeed, though he can now, and does, undertake one of the stations regularly, I cannot hope that he will be able to do it after the hot weather commences. And all this time there are, at least, ten important stations entirely out of the reach of even occasional help."

It is indeed observed by his biographer, that "the scarcity of chaplains in the Bengal presidency, and the bad health of some of those who were resident in Calcutta, made the Bishop feel it necessary to perform himself, as much or more duty than he had been accustomed to do in England. On one Sunday, some weeks after his arrival, he wrote two sermons—preached twice in the cathedral—baptized a child in the fort—and read through, and commented on, a large packet of papers on ecclesiastical business. The unfortunate detention of the ship which contained nearly all his manuscript sermons, added much to the pressure of business in which he was involved; inasmuch as he generally had to compose one whenever he preached. But though he frequently went to bed exhausted with the labours of the day, to which were added the demands upon his time and attention which the common civilities of life require, and which were the more cheerfully complied with, as he felt that his influence among the higher ranks of society in Calcutta increased, the more familiarly he associated with them, he seldom could be persuaded to relax from the rules he had prescribed to himself, so soon as he became acquainted with the state of the Church in India, and in which he persisted with rather augmenting than decreasing diligence to the last. And this, too, in a climate which more particularly indisposes men to exertion of any kind, whether mental or bodily; and where the constant exhaustion during the greater part of the year is such, as no one, except from experience, can picture to himself. The Bishop thus describes the heat:—"It is impossible to sit still under the most favourable circumstances, without streaming with perspiration; our windows are all close shut up, and our rooms darkened, to keep out the hot and molten atmosphere, which streams in wherever it can find an entrance, like the breath of a huge blast furnace." Often has the editor earnestly requested him to spare himself, when, on descending from the pulpit, he saw him almost unable to speak from exhaustion; or when, after a few hours' rest at night, he would rise at four o'clock to attend a meeting, or visit a school, and then pass the whole of the day, till sunset, in mental labour, without allowing himself the hour's mid-day sleep, in which the most active generally indulge. To such remonstrances he would answer, that these things were necessary to be done; and that the more zealous he was in the discharge of his own duties, he could, with the greater justice, urge activity on such of his clergy as he might deem deficient." ii. 183—203.

In June 1824 he left Calcutta, and began his extensive visitation, accompanied only by his domestic chaplain and his native servants. What follows, is his own pleasant account, ad-

ressed to a friend:—"We set out, attended by two smaller boats of very rude construction, with thatched cabins and huge masts and yards of bamboo, something like the canoes of the Friendly Islands, as Cook has represented them. One of these is a cooking-boat, the other for our luggage and servants; and it may give you some idea of the number of hands employed in Bengal for all purposes, when I tell you that twelve servants are thought a very moderate travelling establishment for myself and a single friend; and that the number of boatmen for the three vessels amounts, I believe, to thirty-two. We are, indeed, obliged to carry every thing with us, even to milk goats, supplies being seldom to be procured in the line of country through which we have to travel. Our diet must therefore have been salt meat and poultry, had not a few instances of fair dealing with the fishermen procured us an almost daily supply of their commodities. I was surprised to see many of these poor men paddle away at our approach as fast as their canoes could carry them; but learned soon after, from the complaint of one of their number, that the servants and boatmen of 'great men' were apt to take their fish by force, and without paying for them. This I easily prevented; but these and some other abuses of the same kind, which even my imperfect knowledge of the language enabled me to detect, show how prone these people are to plunder and tyrannize over each other, and how much odium may be unknowingly incurred by Europeans through the rascality of their followers.

"Our way was through the heart of Lower Bengal, by the Matabunga, the Chundna, and those other branches of the Ganges which make so tortuous a labyrinth in Rennell's map. The Sunderbunds would have been a nearer course; but this was pleasanter, and showed us more of the country, which along the whole line of the river was fertile, well cultivated, and verdant to a great degree, and sometimes really beautiful. The banks are generally covered with indigo, and beyond are wide fields of rice or pasture, with villages, each under a thicket of glorious trees, banyans, palms, plaintains, and bamboos; and though we here and there passed woods of a wilder character, their extent did not seem to be more than in one of our English counties. The villages are all of mud and bamboos, the roofs arched like the bottom of a boat, to prevent their pliable supporters from bending in a contrary direction; and both the country, the houses, the boats, and the people, are, on the whole, of a better description than anything in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta.

"Our little fleet unmoored early, and brought-to for the night about six; after which we generally contrived to get a pleasant walk, and to see more, by far, of the country and the people than we could have done in many months spent in Calcutta. The general impression made on my mind was, certainly, that of prosperity and good government; and perhaps it was, in a certain sense, an indication of both these, that the peasants, such of them as spoke Hindoostanee, were rather forward to talk of their grievances, and grumble about the 'times' in much the same way as English cottagers. Their complaints were all of the same character—the dearthness of rice, the rise of rents, and the burthen of tolls and local taxes. I believe, indeed, that in all these respects they have some reason to complain." ii. 205—7.

The remainder of this volume is equally interesting; but as the public are familiar with the subject from the former publication of Heber's own journal, we do not think it necessary to enter upon it, except only to make one extract.

"The following anecdote, strongly illustrative of eastern superstition and eastern tyranny, is related in the MS. of the Bishop's journal. Some

circumstances induced the editor to omit its publication, the principal of which was, that, as the King of Oude was then living, and was in the habit of making his *aides de camp* translate English books into Hindoostanee for his information, she apprehended that the engineer, whose history it relates, might again fall under the power of the favourite. That fear having been removed by the king's death, and the immediate dismissal from power of Hukeem Mendee, the prime minister, she no longer hesitates to relate it:—

"Many whimsical stories are current in Lucknow, respecting the foibles and blindness of the poor king, and the rascality of his favourite. His fondness for mechanics has been already mentioned. In trying some experiments of this nature, he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word, 'if he were wise to leave Lucknow.' The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera; ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood; he was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. 'Undoubtedly,' was the reply. 'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children.' 'Hurumzada!' said the king, bursting into a fury, 'look there, and never see my face more!' The vizier turned round and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then, turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of, 'God be merciful!' 'Satan is strong!' 'In the name of God keep the devil from me!' he said, 'I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?'—'Touch him!' said the king, 'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.'—'Istufirullah!' said the favourite, 'and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?' The king still stormed, but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. 'It is certain (refuge of the world),' resumed the minister, 'that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty, dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that it is opened, he may enter it again peaceably.' The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that 'if he did not put himself on the other side of the company's

frontier before the next morning,—if he ever trode the earth again it should be as a vampire indeed.' This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses." ii. 258-9.

We now finally close our notice of these volumes; and although, in the hope of gratifying our readers, we have extracted from them at great length, we must honestly acknowledge that much remains of interest to reward their own perusal of them.

The Pilgrim's Progress; with a Life of John Bunyan. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D. Poet Laureate, &c. Illustrated with engravings. 8vo. London, 1830. Murray; and Major.

THOUGH we are far from supposing that it would be a work of supererogation, to delineate the genius which produced the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or even to analyze the causes of the extraordinary popularity of the work itself, we shall for the present confine ourselves to Dr. Southey's biography of Bunyan, not being able in our limited space to embrace both topics. A writer more competent than Southey to manage so curious a subject could not have been chosen. Being himself deeply tinctured with the puritanical spirit, whatever he may say or think to the contrary, he enters with earnest delight into the history of the spiritual experience, and spiritual conflicts of Bunyan, who, in the warfare of grace and holiness against the powers of sin, was a hero. Of all Southey's compositions, whether in verse or prose, this is the one which gives us the best opinion of his heart; for though its literary excellence be great, its moral beauty is far greater. Here is no affectation of contempt for the ignorance, and superstition, and strange phantasies of the famous tinker; but, on the contrary, a fine benevolent sympathy with his weaknesses, a kind pity for his misfortunes, and a stout determination to vindicate his claims to the admiration of mankind for genius, piety, and moral excellence.

Above all things, we admire the able and ingenious manner in which this distinguished writer has cleared up the early history of Bunyan, showing clearly, in spite of the after-fancies of the man himself, that he never was so vicious and depraved a person as he described himself in general terms, and as the world, taking his words in their utmost latitude, have believed him to have been. Had this honest man been guilty in his youth of one tenth part of the sins which marked the early career of St. Augustin, the moment of his being awakened to a sense of his guilt would, in all probability, have been the death of his reason; for even the comparatively trifling weight of transgressions which he had to bear nearly disordered his intellect and consumed away his frame.

It is not much in the spirit of the present age to sympathize deeply with the religious feelings of such a man as Bunyan—to describe which would now, in fashionable language, be denominated *cant*; but as Dr. Southey, avoiding this cant on the one hand, and worldly-mindedness on the other, has ably and honestly appreciated those feelings, we shall copy a small portion of his account of Bunyan's unregenerate state. After describing several narrow escapes from death which had been vouchsafed the subject of his memoir, he says—

"A circumstance which was likely to impress him more deeply occurred in the eighteenth year of his age, when being a soldier in the Parliament's army he was drawn out to go to the siege of Leicester: one of the same company wished to go in his stead; Bunyan consented to exchange with him, and this volunteer substitute standing sentinel one day at the siege was shot through the head with a musket ball.

"Some serious thoughts this would have awakened in a harder heart than Bunyan's; but his heart never was hardened. The self-accusations of such a man are to be received with some distrust, not of his sincerity, but of his sober judgment. It should seem that he ran headlong into the boisterous vices which prove fatal to so many of the ignorant and the brutal, for want of that necessary and wholesome restrictive discipline which it is the duty of a government to provide; but he was not led into those habitual sins which inflix a deeper stain. 'Had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had laid myself open,' he says, 'even to the stroke of those laws, which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the face of the world.' That grace he had;—he was no drunkard, for if he had been he would loudly have proclaimed it: and on another point we have his own solemn declaration, in one of the most characteristic passages in his whole works, where he replies to those who slandered him as leading a licentious life with women—'I call on them,' he says, 'when they have used to the utmost of their endeavours, and made the fullest enquiry that they can, to prove against me truly, that there is any woman in Heaven or Earth or Hell, that can say I have at any time, in any place, by day or night, so much as attempted to be naught with them. And speak I thus to beg mine enemies into a good esteem of me? No, not I! I will in this beg belief of no man. Believe, or disbelieve me in this, 'tis all a-case to me. My foes have missed their mark in this their shooting at me. I am not the man. I wish that they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would be still alive and well. I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the copes of Heaven, but by their apparel, their children, or by common fame, except my wife.' And 'for a wind-up in this matter' calling again not only upon men, but Angels to prove him guilty if he be, and upon God for a record upon his soul that in these things he was innocent, he says 'not that I have been thus kept because of any goodness in me more than any other, but God has been merciful to me, and has kept me.' " p. viii-ix.

Dr. Southey prefaces his history of Bunyan's spiritual conflicts with the following observations, admirable as far as they relate to the particular subject of the memoir, but tinged with that species of prejudice for which this able writer has long been remarkable:—

"Mr. Scott, in the *Life of Bunyan* prefixed to his edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, says it is not advisable to recapitulate those impressions which constitute a large part of his religious experience. But Bunyan's character would be imperfectly understood, and could not be justly appreciated, if this part of his history were kept out of sight. To respect him as he deserves, to admire him as he ought to be admired, it is necessary that we should be informed not only of the coarseness and brutality of his youth, but of the extreme ignorance out of which he worked his way, and the stage of burning enthusiasm through which he passed,—a passage not less terrible than that of his own *Pilgrim* in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. His ignorance, like the brutal manners from which he had now been reclaimed, was the consequence of his low station in life, but the enthusiasm which then succeeded was brought on by the circumstances of an age in which hypocrisy was regnant, and fanaticism rampant throughout the land. 'We intended not,' says Baxter, 'to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease.' No: for the intention had been under the pretext of abating one tyranny, to

establish a far severer and more galling in its stead; in doing this the banks had been thrown down, and the hedge destroyed; and while the bestial herd who broke in rejoiced in the havoc, Baxter and other such erring though good men stood marvelling at the mischief which never could have been effected, if they had not mainly assisted in it. The wildest opinions of every kind were abroad, 'divers and strange doctrines,' with every wind of which, men having no longer an anchor whereby to hold, were carried about and tossed to and fro. They passed with equal facility from strict puritanism to the utmost license of practical and theoretical impiety, as antinomians or as atheists; and from extreme profligacy to extreme superstition in any of its forms. The poor man by whose conversation Bunyan was first led into 'some love and liking of religion,' and induced to read the Bible and to delight in it, became a Ranter, wallowed in his sins as one who was secure in his privilege of election, and finally having corrupted his heart, perverted his reason, and seared his conscience, laughed at his former professions, persuaded himself that there was neither a future state for man, nor a God to punish or to save him, and told Bunyan that he had gone through all religions, and in this persuasion had fallen upon the right at last!" p. xiv-xv.

The chief defect of Dr. Southey's work lies in the appreciation of Bunyan's literary merits. He has evidently not been at the pains to watch the slow, gradual, painful development of his intellectual powers, from his first rude attempts at turning a period to the time when words flowed from his pen almost as rapidly and gracefully as from that of his biographer himself. He has not properly estimated the difficulties with which the man had to encounter, or the force of genius which enabled him to overcome them. He has not entered, as we think he should have done, with a critical and philosophical spirit into the peculiar character of Bunyan's intellect, or of the extraordinary creation of that intellect which was before him. He has not dwelt with discriminating complacency upon the various beauties of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the perfection of the allegory, the consistency of the characters, the interest of the narrative, the natural and highly dramatic scenes which are interspersed through the work. The Doctor's style, moreover, is frequently lagging and inanimate, disfigured by strange phrases, and the introduction of such affected words as "assentation, worsened," &c.

There is, however, towards the end of the book a good deal of curious bibliographical knowledge respecting the history of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and a very sensible and spirited defence of Bunyan's claim to originality. The germ of his immortal work, as Dr. Southey observes, may be found in a kind of dream or vision, as many would term it, which was vouchsafed him before his actual conversion:—

"About this time the happiness of his poor acquaintance whom he believed to be in a sanctified state was presented to him, he says, in a kind of vision,—that is, it became the subject of a reverie, a waking dream,—in which the germ of the *Pilgrim's Progress* may plainly be perceived. 'I saw,' he says, 'as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow and dark clouds. Methought also betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein;

but none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out by striving to get in. At last with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head; and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then was I exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun. Now the Mountain and Wall, &c. was thus made out to me. The Mountain signified the Church of the Living God; the Sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful Face on them that were within: the Wall, I thought, was the Word, that did make separation between the Christian and the World: and the Gap which was in the Wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the Way to God the Father. But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow, that I could not but with great difficulty enter in thereat, it shewed me that none could enter into life, but those that were in downright earnest; and unless also they left that wicked World behind them; for here was only room for Body and Soul, but not for Body and Soul and Sin." xix-xx.

The description of Bunyan's character and person, by his first biographer, is so excellent, that we shall follow Dr. Southey's example, and give it in his own words:—

"A description of his character and person was drawn by his first biographer. 'He appeared in countenance,' says that friend, 'to be of a stern and rough temper; but in his conversation, mild and affable, not given to loquacity or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself, or his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just in all that lay in his power to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all. He had a sharp quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. As for his person he was tall of stature; strong boned, though not corpulent; somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip, after the old British fashion: his hair reddish, but in his later days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderate large; his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest. And thus have we impartially described the internal and external parts of a person, who had tried the smiles and frowns of Time, not puffed up in prosperity, nor shaken in adversity, always holding the golden mean.'"

The illustrations, particularly the portrait, and the "Celestial City," by Martin, are in a very high style of art; the wood-cuts are neat and spirited, and, in one word, we may say with the editor, that this is "the most beautiful edition that has ever appeared of this famous book."

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. XI. Part I. and II. 1830. Cadell, Edinburgh; and Simpkin & Marshall, London.

LITERARY history records no career parallel to that of Sir Walter Scott. For nearly ten years he presided over the poetry of the country; and during the sixteen years that have elapsed since the decided wane of his popularity as a poet, he has enjoyed a supremacy, yet prouder and more extensive. In all the long period which we have specified, he has been exposed to competition of no ordinary keenness—yet his first laurels are still fresh, while those which he

has more recently achieved, seem destined to flourish for ever. Success of a kind equally rare, and still more flattering, has attended all his efforts. It has been his happy lot to be an object of admiration and love to his literary brethren, and to the world at large. He has propitiated all classes without any sacrifice of dignity or independence—but simply by the exercise of good temper and sagacity. In this point of view, we look upon his example as invaluable. He has arrogated to himself none of the privileges which certain men of talent have in all ages been in the habit of pleading as an excuse for violating the decencies of life: he has been a living confutation of the puling and pernicious sentimentalism that would ascribe to the poetical temperament an unfitness for the discharge of those duties which the various relations of society impose: he has shown that their *genius* does not account for the ill luck, as it is termed, that sometimes follows literary men—but that, on the contrary, genius, if united to industry and good sense, will serve to increase those chances of success in life, which so commonly wait on these latter qualities even when disunited from their glittering adjunct.

The first of these volumes, to which our observations will be confined, consists of Introductions to his various Poems, of Remarks on popular poetry, and on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad, together with an Appendix, in which are to be found two or three letters from his early friend Monk Lewis. In the Introductions, Sir Walter favours the world with the history of the circumstances under which his poetry was composed; and in the essay on the Ancient Ballad, we are made acquainted with the circumstances which first directed his attention to poetry as a profession. In short, we have in this volume the history of his mind up to the term of middle age, and as a necessary consequence, the history of public taste to the same period. We may here trace the gradual rise of a reputation unmatched in modern times—of a reputation and of talent, that, like the tree figured by the prophetic writer of the Old Testament, have shot forth their branches in every direction, until all living things court their refreshing influence.

Sir Walter's father is well known; he was a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, and a man of good family. It has been said, Sir Walter tells us, that his situation in life has been materially altered by his literary successes. This, he takes occasion to deny—not in the belief, that to have elevated himself in the scale of society by the force of his own talents would derogate in any way from his merits, but simply because the statement is not true. His education was a good one—but a delicate state of health during the period of boyhood, prevented him from profiting by it to the full extent. His father's circumstances were affluent—and the private fortune to which he was entitled, and to which he ultimately succeeded, raised him above the necessity of writing for bread. His destination was the Scotch bar, and to that he was accordingly called, agreeably to the forms observed in the Scottish courts.

At that period, now somewhere about forty years ago, poetry was at a very low ebb in this country. Cowper was dead; and the fame of Burns was confined to Scotland. The poetical genius of Germany had not yet lent the impulse which she was soon destined to impart to the spirit of Coleridge and the compeers with whom he has through life been associated: indeed, the names of Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe, were scarcely known in England. A French translation of some of the more remarkable productions of the German school at length found its way to Scotland, and Sir Walter forthwith devoted himself to the study of German. In a very short period we find him adventuring on translations, and even committing these to the press, though

the experiment seems to have been attended with results by no means flattering to an author's vanity. About this time, accident made him acquainted with Lewis, fresh from Germany, and inoculated with the virus of its poetry. This intimacy, strengthened, of course, young Scott's tendencies; and led to the formation of a literary partnership between them. Lewis was engaged in preparing "Tales of Wonder" for the press; and his young Scotch friend agreed to supply him with a few contributions. The work appeared, and from various causes failed completely. Still, however, Sir Walter's heart failed him not; and very soon afterwards, we find him engaged in compiling the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The success of this undertaking was but indifferent; while the notoriety which it and his previous poetical attempts had procured for him, was of a kind not at all calculated to smooth the path of his profession. At this period (1803) in fact, the solicitors in the Supreme Court of Scotland, with whom it rests in a great measure to elevate or depress a young advocate, began to look upon him with an unfavourable eye. Ballad-making was not much to their taste; and the young man that gave himself up to it, was, in their opinion, lost to better things. Sir Walter was, by this time too, married, and the father of a family. There were, consequently, fresh demands upon his industry; and at length it appeared to him necessary to give up his profession, or to give up poetry. This latter alternative he was most unwilling to adopt. He shrank from the dry pursuits of law—he loved field-sports—he was engaged heart and soul in the drilling of a body of yeomanry cavalry—and his father, whose feelings would have been deeply wounded by any hesitation on his son's part to sacrifice every other pursuit to law, was dead. Sir Walter, too, with his characteristic prudence, had contrived to secure the sheriffship of the county of Selkirk—a judicial appointment, which yielded him about 300*l.* a year; and, with the firm determination to render himself still further independent of his poetical labours, by securing, if possible, one of the easy and lucrative appointments of which there are several in the Court of Session, he at length determined to swear allegiance to the Muses.

The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was the first of that series of poems on which his fame rested so long; and we have in the present volume a very interesting sketch of the doubts and difficulties which beset him, while engaged with the subject and design of that work. To devise a measure appropriate to the changing theme, cost him a great deal of trouble; and the novelty of his manner served, it seems, to perplex two judicious friends to whom he submitted a very small portion of his labours. Their perplexity led him to distrust the value of his conceptions. He accordingly abandoned the work, and only recommenced it, on being questioned by one of his critics as to the progress he had made. It appears that, after leaving Sir Walter, they held a conference on the subject, and agreed that the experiment proposed by their young friend was well worth making; but they had not seen him from the period when their opinions were solicited, nor had held any communication with him on the subject. Thus emboldened, and having finally resolved upon his plan, Sir Walter finished the poem at the rate of a canto a week. It appeared in 1805, and raised the author's reputation above that of all contemporary poets. Among its open admirers were Fox and Pitt. Thirty thousand copies were sold; the author's remuneration amounted to 600*l.*

"Marmion" followed next in order. Before its appearance, Sir Walter had been appointed, by the influence of Mr. Pitt, one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session—an office that yields, we believe, 1200*l.* a year: though he did not immediately succeed to its emoluments. It

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had been his intention to bestow more care upon the productions that might succeed the *Lady*; but the embarrassments of a dear friend forced him to tempt the press once more, without affording him leisure to bestow on "Marmion" the polish which he would under other circumstances have imparted to it. Its success, however, was even more flattering than that of its predecessor. It did not, indeed, escape criticism of a bitter kind. Lord Byron's animadversions, to be sure, were merely personal; turning, as they did, upon the circumstance of the author having received 1000*l.* for the work,—a matter with which neither he nor the public had anything to do;—but there appeared about the same time, strictures on the plot and management of the poem, to which Sir Walter frankly confesses, he could have offered no reply, and therefore he attempted none,—knowing, that "an author is never so decidedly condemned as on his own confession, and may long find apologists and partisans until he gives up his own cause."

The "Lady of the Lake," which he undertook rashly, as it appeared to a warm and discriminating friend, constituted the climax of his poetical successes. Shortly afterwards, the school of which he was the founder began to lose its influence, in consequence of the facilities which it presented to imitators and parodists; and about the same time, the star of Byron began to culminate in the literary horizon. Still, however, Sir Walter was unwilling to yield his honours without a struggle, even to this formidable competitor. "Rokeby," and the "Lord of the Isles" were the fruits of a resolution that had something heroic about it. The success of both was, in the eyes of booksellers, respectable; but proved insufficient to satisfy the ambition of the author. Luckily for the world, he looked upon these comparative failures as a hint to try his fortune in a different walk of literature,—and forthwith "Waverley" appeared. Sir Walter from that time bade adieu to poetry, and hastened to assume a still prouder empire over the feelings and affections of men, than any which the poetry of later ages has supplied.

Of the criticism which is to be met with in this volume, we may observe that it is distinguished by its sound, healthy, common-sense tone. There is nothing very profound in the results at which the author arrives,—nor much refinement in the analytic processes of which he avails himself. It is altogether free from the vile slang by which modern criticism is disgraced; and to those, who, like ourselves, may be sick of its perpetual straining and affectation, the criticisms in this volume are calculated to afford very considerable pleasure.

The Villa and Cottage Florist's Directory; being a familiar Treatise on Floriculture—the Management of Flowers—of the Greenhouse, Hothouse, and Conservatory—of Exotic Plants, &c. By James Main, A.L.S. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

THIS is an exceedingly meritorious and well got-up little work, containing much that is interesting to all classes of readers; but to those whose taste and opportunities lead them to the delightful study of the varieties of nature presented in the *parterre* and the conservatory, it will be found a valuable "Directory." It is well adapted to its purpose of general usefulness, by neither being wholly scientific and technical, nor yet so merely popular in its language and manner, as to exclude the dignified arrangements of science; or even an agreeable sprinkling of the spirit of philosophy, as far as that lofty term may be applied to a study of so simply-pleasing and poetical a character as that of the enthusiastic florist. At this genial and prolific season of the year, it is quite a temptation to us,—who are cooped up

in the metropolis, with only in our view a few starved geraniums, or a scentless Chinese rose, to remind us that there are such things as flowers in the world,—to read of the pleasing labours of rearing perennials and biennials, border flowers, and creeping flowers; tulips with all possible combinations and contrasts of colour, and carnations of all varieties of fragrant scents. In this little work, there is that judicious mixture of practical gardening and botanical knowledge, which is best adapted to the general purpose of a Directory or Manual, together with an amiable spirit of enthusiasm for the patient labours and observations of the florist, running through it, that is quite captivating to those who have a kindred taste with the author. It is in the form of short treatises upon the mode of managing the different species of flowers and plants; with an Introduction, containing general observations and explanations regarding soils, composts, roots, bulbs, seeds, &c., and a concluding article on the Physiology of Trees, which contains many sensible and ingenious remarks. What is said on the colour of flowers is somewhat important both to the man of science and philosophizing florist, and contains a hint to experimentalists of another sort, which some one will doubtless avail himself of to his own fame:

"As relating to this circumstance, may be mentioned a very general opinion amongst the cultivators of flowers, that the richer the soil the deeper will be the tints of the bloom. The colour of the *hydrangea hortensis* can be changed by the qualities of the mould in which it is placed; and the natural colour of the common primrose is very soon changed to a pink or yellowish brown by being planted in cow-dung. * * * Chemists tell us that oxygen gas gives colour and scent to flowers and leaves, as well as to every other part of vegetables. An analysis of the compost in which they succeed best would greatly assist the florist; indeed, it may be presumed that chemistry applied to floriculture would be productive of the best results. I know not a better opportunity afforded to a chemist who may be fond of flowers, than the usual custom of growing bulbs in water. With them he might try many experiments, by impregnating the water with various chemical bodies, and marking the results. I have never tried such experiments myself, but recommend them to the notice of the curious." p. 23-4.

The fragrance or aroma of flowers is so pleasing a subject at all times, and particularly at this season, that we cannot resist adding the following brief extract:—

"As the atmosphere conveys this quality to a considerable distance, it must be a fugitive body sufficiently material, though invisible, to be incorporated with common air in a gaseous or other highly refined state. It seems to be yielded most intensely from the centre of the flower; hence it has been supposed to be a kind of vapour from the honey or nectar; but it is also contained in the other parts, as detached calyces, petals, stamens, style and pericarp, as well as the seeds, which carry with them the aroma more or less intense. * * *

"The state of the air has considerable influence in regard to the intensity of floral scent. In a fine, still, dewy morning, the air is as it were surcharged with it; but soon as the sun's heat increases evaporation, or should sweeping winds prevail, the scent is dispersed far and wide. * *

"A curious circumstance, lately noticed, shows that the fragrance of flowers is capable of being exalted by qualities placed, or which happen to be, in the near neighbourhood. Onions growing near roses improve their scent. This seems to be a proof that there is an intro-susception of the extraneous quality; and moreover, confirms the old idea, that strong or pungent applications to the roots exalt the colour as well as the scent.

"It has been noticed, of the common ever-flowering Chinese rose, that, when first introduced about 1793, it was, as the little darker-red one still is, almost scentless; though now, with many of its varieties, highly fragrant." 30—2.

We wish this pleasing little work, and all those who labour and study by its direction and in its spirit, the success which they respectively deserve.

The Templars, an Historical Novel. 3 vols. Whittaker, Treacher & Co. London, 1830.

IT will be some days, we believe, before this novel, which has been long announced, will be sent forth to the public; but, in the meantime, we are enabled to give an account of it to our readers. It derives its name of "The Templars" from the story being that of three young men, students of law, or rather clerks, in the office of a certain Mr. Humby, a solicitor in the Temple; and its historical character as a novel might have been dispensed with in the title page, as the narrative goes no farther back than the events subsequent to the French Revolution. This, however, may be a recommendation to it in the opinion of novel readers, who are likely to be more amused with lively incidents about their own times, than with more elaborate historical details of events long gone by, to which history may already have done sufficient justice.

The commencement of "The Templars" is by no means so promising, either as to interest or execution, as the reader will find this novel to turn out, particularly in the second and third volumes. The youths certainly talk sufficiently in character as *young men* who have seen little of the world beyond their desks, and are as thoroughly inclined to be idle within, and to look about for pretty faces without, as most young "Templars" are wont to be. But there is one of them, whom the young author means to be a *character*, which he certainly is, inasmuch as he is represented to be "plain to a degree" in his features, "small of stature, with arms disproportionately long for the rest of his body;" and various other disagreeable attributes of person, which, such as they are, are certainly sufficiently distinguishing. This little ill-looking person has, however, another peculiar characteristic, that he is exceeding ready to do the work of his more idle brother Templars; and, though ugly, as we have said, and slovenly as he always was, as if to add to his mean appearance, he is a person most eminent in all manner of virtue.

The two Templars, Ayrton and Moor, having duly got into trouble about one Miss Saville, who turns out to be "a bad un," the ugly gentleman, who was, as already hinted, "the extreme of slovenliness," namely, Mr. Dermot Wharton, gets the former out of the scrape of a runaway marriage with the lady, as well as the additional calamity of losing some 500*l.* more than he was worth in one of the hells in St. James's Street. The scene between this Wharton and one Hawkins, a gambling clergyman, who had won the raw Templar's money, and whom the ugly man of virtue sought out, for the purpose of saving the loser Ayrton from ruin, is given with a good deal of spirit and management; and by the time that this Dudley Ayrton succeeds to his father's fortune, leaves the Temple, and, becoming an officer in the guards, goes to the Continent to join the allied army, then encamped at Farnars, the interest of the story considerably increases.

We will not anticipate the novel-reader's pleasure in perusing "The Templars," except to say that, after his safe return from the continental wars, our young Dragon officer (Templar no longer), having attained to the rank of Major, is soon after sent over to Ireland during the heat of the Rebellion, in which he becomes actively engaged, and the whole of the events of

the story after this was wrought out in the sister kingdom. In Dublin, Major Ayrton accidentally discovers our ugly friend and his, Mr. Dermot Wharton, in the person of a respectable solicitor; falls in love with his sister Emily, who, it seems, was as pretty as the Dublin attorney was the reverse; and then joins his regiment and fights throughout the Rebellion, as bravely as lovers and officers of Dragoons are known to do. In the Rebellion, the reader is led through ambushes and skirmishes with considerable spirit; and the author of the novel is not scrupulous in making the Major—as in the case of his intrusting a respite, which he had with much difficulty procured from the Lord Lieutenant for his friend Wharton, to a notorious scoundrel of the name of Dawney—do things now and then very much against probability and the credit of his common sense. There is a spirited account of the Major's escape in the third volume, as also of some scenes with O'Neill, whose previous history we would not here allude to; and, upon the whole, "The Templars" gives indication of considerable cleverness in the author, whose want of judgment in many respects will not perhaps be observed by readers less inclined to be critical than to enjoy an amusing novel. The author is evidently young, and writes with little consideration, but his very fearlessness and youthful spirit carry him and his reader forward agreeably. We had marked some passages which would serve to recommend it to the readers of fiction, but we must reserve them for our next paper.

Four Years' Residence in the West Indies. By F. W. N. Bayley. 8vo. London, 1830. Kidd.

THE larger portion of this volume consists of statistics—of extracts from the printed correspondence of certain West India clergymen—and of dissertations on the condition of slaves, and the inexpediency of emancipating them for a long time to come,—which might have been manufactured in London. Mr. Bayley, in his own person, introduces us to Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and Grenada, and expatiates at great length upon their characteristics, physical and moral, while sundry good-natured correspondents supply descriptions of the rest of the Leeward Islands. Mr. Bayley, however, is not merely an observer of the various forms of society that meet his view. He mixes freely with the throng, and sustains a prominent part with great credit and self-satisfaction. He is a wit, besides, and a fine writer when the theme appears to him worthy of his powers,—nay, he occasionally affects the pathetic. "The Deserted," in rivalry, we presume, of Washington Irving, is a story of the latter class; and Mr. Bayley, we doubt not, is particularly proud of it. His jests have the merit of antiquity; and some of his anecdotes,—his account, in particular, of a review of Barbadian militia, cannot fail to bring Charles Mathews before the mind's eye. In addition to the arduous characters of historian, wit, man of the world, and inditer of mournful stories, Mr. Bayley further disports before us in the part of a lover. His sighs, however, serve only to inflate a few sentences, for the lady has the good taste at last to leave him in the lurch. His tediousness then becomes public property.

Slaves in the West Indies are, according to Mr. Bayley, among the happiest of human beings. Every sugar plantation would appear to be another Arcadia. Yet these same slaves are, according to the same authority, treacherous and cunning, incurable liars, and nearly devoid of natural affection. These characteristics will, we fear, rather lend force to the popular theory of the tendencies of slavery.

We have alluded to Mr. Bayley's witticisms. Take, for instance, the following very novel and

poignant repartee, of which a lady was delivered, in Mr. Bayley's presence, at a party in St. Vincent.

"Allow me, madam," said a gentleman, who had a better opinion than other people of his own wit, to a silent lady opposite, "to send you a little tongue."

"No, I am obliged to you," replied the fair Creole, who had a sheep's head before her, "but I shall have much pleasure in helping you to a little brains," alluding to his deficiency in that very essential part of a man's caput."

Or to turn to our author's own pointed sayings, who can fail to admire the following upon pigs? "They are like a fortnight, because they go week week, and are the only jewels a Jew may not touch."

It would be unfair to allow no place to the author's pathos, and therefore we give the concluding portion of "The Deserted." Miss Musgrave is the heroine—a gay Captain Elving, the false knight. England had been the scene of their loves: in Barbadoes they met again, he having in the meantime become the husband of the lady's dearest friend.

"About a week afterwards, as I was one evening strolling with my friend among the tombstones in the burying-ground of the island, we approached a grave newly dug, and my friend emphatically said, 'In that grave, in less than half an hour, will be deposited the mortal remains of the once beautiful, lovely, gay, fair, and accomplished Emily Musgrave; and she, who, at the early age of nineteen, has fallen a victim to human misery and human woe, will leave this world to join the inhabitants of that heaven she so well deserves.' He had scarcely said this when her funeral approached; and we stayed to see her consigned to her mother-earth. Captain and Mrs. Elving were among the mourners;—the latter wept bitterly and sincerely; the former could not weep. The service of the dead began. The worthy rector pronounced it in a solemn and emphatic tone: he seemed as one inspired; the mourners were silent and attentive; the words were said—the melancholy words, 'dust to dust;' and the tears flowed fast, and the sobs burst loud from the parents and friends of the deceased. The service was over. Edward Elving approached the grave—he looked in—he saw the great clouds of earth fall on the injured one whom he had once loved; his wife, whom he now loved, stood near him: his feeling was intense; he looked at her, and tried to speak, but could not: again he eyed the grave; his eyeballs rolled in fearful wildness; he made an effort to ejaculate 'Farewell, Fanny!' and fell—to rise no more! He fell, a lifeless corpse on the coffin of the Deserted, whom his own inconstancy had driven there. The tragedy was over; the scene had closed. It was a melancholy scene that!

"Another funeral service was performed; and the once joyous, but now altered, Fanny Elving, departed a lone and hapless widow from the grave of her earliest and dearest friend." 125-6.

These extracts will satisfy most readers as to the character of the book.

A Guide and Pocket Companion through Italy. By W. C. Boyd. M.D. London, 1830. Whittaker.

WE acknowledge to have taken up this work prejudiced against it, and a fair and attentive examination has won from us a good opinion. We were, and we are, of opinion, that Mrs. Starkie is not only the best guide to Italy, but that her "Guide to Italy" was the best book of the sort that ever was compiled. We travelled over the whole country with all the customary lumber on the subject, leaving one volume at a post-house, and throwing another out of the carriage-window, and clinging to her, and at last her only, as

worth them all together. For this we owe her a debt of gratitude; and if Mr. Boyd's work had not been better than we anticipated from our previous knowledge of how such books are often manufactured, it is not impossible he might have been offered up as our grateful sacrifice. Neither were we well pleased with the cavalier manner in which he presumes to find fault with our travelling companion. Mr. Boyd has had an evident disposition to say or to insinuate all the uncivil things he could of her work; but he is too cautious to commit himself by particular reference, except in one instance, and it happens that he is then wrong. As to "descriptions of temples and other antiquities nowhere to be found," it is vague and indefinite; but that "the Rostrum is set in the Forum" is not true: her words are, in describing the Foro Romano, "There were two kinds of Forums in Rome, &c.—the Forum Romanum was of the first kind; and here stood the Comitium and the Rostrum;" and it is so far from true, that she says, of the whole Forum Romanum "little, however, now remains to be seen except heaps of ruins, and piles of vegetable earth." But with all our admiration of Mrs. Starkie, we could find fault with her if it were our humour; and Mr. Boyd is right, that her work is too voluminous: there is much that might be judiciously omitted—all indeed that relates to other countries than Italy; for as a continental guide-book it is necessarily imperfect—and even of Italy there might be curtailments. These imperfections, such as they are, Mr. Boyd proposed to obviate. He gives posts and distances between towns, rates of posting and living, general directions to travellers, and brief descriptions of the most interesting objects. The merit that he claims is indeed the merit of condensation and omission—he does not give voluminous descriptions of paintings and statues and antiquities, and says truly, that such may always be had for a trifle in the towns through which you pass.

THE CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.—History of England. By Sir James Mackintosh. Vol. I.

A VOLUME of this work is not to be despatched like a Minerva Press novel. We may read it through with pleasure, but must with patience, and shall therefore reserve our observations until our next number. Accompanying the volume is the announcement of a companion series to be called the "Cabinet Library." We take advantage of this to hint to Messrs. Longmans, that if they mean their new work to be as popular as, we do not doubt, it will deserve to be, they must enlarge the type, widen the space between the lines, and keep many hundreds of pounds in their pockets. This may seem strange, but it is true—and less respectable booksellers have found it out. A work like this should be light pleasant reading—and a light pleasant work is one that people run through before the leaves are dry. We have no doubt that one volume of this six shilling Cyclopædia contains as much as two or three of Colburn's novels at six and twenty. An ordinary reader will not dispatch Mackintosh's History, under half-a-dozen sittings—and it is ten to one that he ends in thinking it heavy, for that very, and for that sole, reason. If Messrs. Longmans would fill a volume with just half the matter, it would be despatched in half the time, thought the better of, and they might charge the same price, and not an excessive one. We know of no work that deserves success better than this—if type, and paper, and price be considered—but for its success, we repeat that one half would serve the publishers' interest better. They give too much for the money.

Criminal Executions in England, with Remarks on the Penal Code, &c. By Alan Newman. London, 1830. Still.

THE objects of this work, as stated by the author in his preface, are, "to induce an inquiry into the lawfulness of capital punishment, for any other crime than that of murder;"—"to demonstrate the innocence of James Butler," who, it may be in the recollection of our readers, was executed some time since for maliciously setting fire to the extensive floor-cloth manufactory of Mr. Downing, at Chelsea;—and "to expose the misstatements, and controvert the erroneous reasonings" of the editor and a correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, upon these subjects. In his endeavours to advance these objects, our author has not been so successful as he appears to assume, and we concluded our perusal of his pages with a strong impression, that the *Times* had the best of the argument.

The question relative to the propriety or policy of capital punishments, has, it is well known, often been agitated, and at all times a difference of opinion has prevailed, and is likely to continue, amongst the best men, the wisest philosophers, and the most enlightened and experienced jurists. Notwithstanding the recent decision of the House of Commons, the dispute remains in the state of all the controversies referred to Sir Roger de Coverley, one in which there is "much to be said on both sides." It is, however, a dispute of some importance, and we are, therefore, willing to attend to any new facts or arguments adduced on either side, and are especially desirous of obtaining information from those whose situations or means of observation have rendered them capable of throwing more light upon a subject of this nature than the refined and ingenious speculator, or the mere lawyer, who, although he may be thoroughly acquainted with the law, is often miserably ignorant whether its operation is beneficial or injurious.

Entertaining this opinion, therefore, we shall hardly be suspected of a design to prevent a fair, liberal, and plain discussion upon the topics introduced into this pamphlet, when we decidedly express our disapprobation of the style and temper in which it is written. Whatever may be the real merits of the questions professed to be discussed, they are not likely to be discovered, or the innocence of the unfortunate convict, Butler, established, by personal invectives and insinuations. Strong as our sentiments may be on the necessity of further changes and improvements in the criminal law, and on prison discipline, we cannot persuade ourselves that the ends of pure justice are to be assisted by an indiscriminate attack upon the motives, the competency, and the conduct of all who are at present engaged in its administration. Yet, for the purpose of showing the innocence of Butler, and to exhibit, as Mr. Newman expresses it, the "awfully flagitious character of the English law," a humane and upright judge, a prosecutor, three witnesses, and twelve jurymen, together with all who differed in opinion from this gentleman, are subjected to the severest censure and condemnation. Such a course of proceeding cannot be advantageous in any controversy, and, therefore, giving the author full credit for benevolent motives, we take our leave of the work by expressing a hope that his zeal and ability when next exerted in the cause of "truth, religion, and humanity," will be tempered with more courtesy, charity, and discretion.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Parts II. III. IV. Edinburgh. Black.

WHEN we remember the many weary years such works were heretofore accustomed "to drag their slow length along," it is highly gratifying to find this cheap edition of so excellent a work

proceeding with the rapidity and punctuality of a monthly periodical. But, cheap as the work really is, we must remind our readers, that a whole library of literature and learning will cost a heavy sum if bought complete, and, therefore, they had better be early in the field, and begin to take it in at once.

The Sailor Boy. By Rosalie St. Clair. 4 vols. London, 1830. Newman & Co.

WE are not, we fear, sufficiently conversant with general literature. Rosalie St. Clair has, it appears, written some dozen works, not one of which do we remember to have read. This is a circulating-library novel, such as they were before the mighty magician of the North appeared among us; it is indeed better than they were; there is incident enough in it, and some interest; and we suspect it will be read by thousands, and perhaps admired, whatever we critics may say, and therefore do not trouble ourselves to say more.

THE POET'S PORTION.

WHAT is a mine—a treasure—a dower—
A magic talisman of mighty power?
A poet's wide possession of the earth:
He has th' enjoyment of a flower's birth
Before its budding—ere the first red streaks—
And winter cannot rob him of their cheeks.
Look if his dawn be not ere other men's
Twenty bright flushes—ere another kens
The first of sunlight is abroad, he sees
Its gold election of the topmost trees,
And ope the splendid fissures of the morn.
When do his fruits decay? When doth his corn
Linger for harvesting? Before the leaf
Is commonly abroad, in his piled sheaf
The flagging poppies lose their ardent flame.
No sweet there is, no pleasure you can name,
But he will sip it first—before the lees:—
'Tis his to taste rich honey ere the bees
Are busy with the brooms: he may forestal
June's rosy advent for his coronal,
Before expectance buds upon the bough,
Turning his thoughts to bloom upon his brow.
Oh! blest to see the flower in its seed,
Before its leafy presence; for, indeed,
Leaves are but wings on which the summer flies,
And each thing, perishable, fades and dies,
Except in thought; but his rich thinkings be
Like overflows of immortality—
So that what there is steeped shall perish never,
But live and bloom, and be a joy for ever!

T. HOOD.

FERRARA.

My last left us at Monselice. We were on our journey the next morning at six. One line will describe the whole road from thence to Bologna. It is all alike,—all a level; rows of poplar everywhere, and the scenery varies only in the variety of cultivation. Ferrara and its neighbourhood is notoriously unhealthy; and when every breath of air is loaded with vapour from canals, swamps, green-mantled ponds, and stagnant ditches—when the road-side is lined with those pestilential ponds wherein they soak and bleach hemp, can it be otherwise? Ferrara has been a fine city; the streets are unusually wide and handsome, and adorned with many stately buildings; but it seems deserted—the mere shell of a city; and there is everywhere a gloom and melancholy that reaches the heart. Centuries ago, when the Florentines, though deserted by all parties, determined with heroic daring worthy a free people to defend their city, Michael Angelo, who devoted the whole energy of his great mind, with a zeal becoming an old Roman, to that great object, came to Ferrara to examine the fortifications, then considered the strongest in Italy;—but they are now in ruins, and the moats that surround them are full of putrid

stagnant water. Why then not tumble the fortifications into the moat, and try to purify the air? If I were Pope, I would further forbid the soaking of hemp: if it could not be otherwise prepared, it should not be grown. I would not permit interested men to make a lazaret-house of so fine a country. Such prohibition would get rid of a great deal of that vegetable corruption which now poisons the country; and draining might further improve it.

We visited the Bibliotheque, where is now the tomb of Ariosto, and where are shown his manuscripts, the manuscripts of the Pastor Fido and of the *Jerusalem Delivered*. It may serve as a hint to authors, for which printers may thank me, that Ariosto, Tasso, and Guarini, all wrote well and intelligibly. The "*Jerusalem Delivered*" has all the corrections made by Tasso when in prison. We went from the library to his prison. The cell is a long arched room on the ground-floor, with cross-barred windows, that in his time looked into a large and pleasant garden, but now into a little square yard surrounded by buildings. I observed on the outer walls the names of Byron and Hoppner scratched in the walls, and close together. Imprisonment under pretence of madness must be dreadful. The real ground of his imprisonment has never been satisfactorily explained, although they profess to have discovered lately some documents that will clear up the mystery. But the cell itself is at least four times the size of Petrarch's study, where he passed so much of his time, and where he died; and probably four times as large as Tasso desired, with liberty. On our return, we passed the old ducal palace, which, it was some consolation to know, is only a larger prison. It is huge and gloomy,—and in its time was impregnable; moated, of course,—and the moats stink, of course, like all the water at or near Ferrara.

The people here have not the unhealthy look I should have expected; and it is strange that, as we travel southward, they get fairer, or I get used to Italian complexions. I have seen none of those baked mummy-looking old women that startle you at Verona, Vicenza, and on that line of road. Here too they have a pretty custom of sticking wild-flowers in the hair, and I have seen more than one man with them, under the rim of the hat. But the women wear a slipper which makes you limp even to look at them; it is so short, that the heel projects considerably beyond it, and the pressure of the tread is on the soft hollow of the foot.

As I am throwing together trifling notices, I may add, that from Monselice to leaving Ferrara, our passport was examined *eleven times*, and that on crossing the Po and entering the Pope's territory, the officers said they must examine our baggage *because* we were English; but notwithstanding, upon offering a trifling bribe, I was permitted to certify that we had nothing contraband, and passed free. I have pleasure in acknowledging that this was the first time since we left England, that even a pretence had been made of examining our baggage, for the purpose of extorting a bribe, and the first day we had been at all annoyed about passports. I was led to expect differently on entering Bavaria, and the Guide Books give terrible accounts of the extortions on crossing to Venice, but we met with no interruption on either occasion.

Here we started with a postillion bearing the Pope's badge on his arm. Not having seen it before, I was noticing it, when the man raised his arm; and when I had satisfied myself, he spit upon it, turned his nose up most contemptuously, and walked off; from which I conclude he was either an indifferent subject or an indifferent Catholic, though a very good postillion. We had a like display of feeling on passing the Po on the pont-volant, where we paid the man with a franc, and he no sooner saw Napoleon's head on it,

than he screamed out, "Ah! our father's head! I love to see it, and I wish I could see him with a hundred thousand men at his back."† I asked him if he had served under Napoleon. "Never," upon which our postillion, a remarkably handsome fellow, claimed that honour. He had been both in Spain and Russia, and been wounded. These little bursts of feeling, for I travel too rapidly to allow me to *inquire* into the political opinions and condition of the people, coupled with our annoyance about passports, and the ruinous condition of Ferrara and its neighbourhood, would be quite sufficient for — to write a political essay, but I am somewhat more cautious.

The three postillions that have driven us through the Pope's territory, are deserving remembrance as three of the best we have met with; our rate of travelling has been fully equal to good English posting, and we in consequence arrived at Bologna earlier than I had expected: you shall have an account of it in my next.

D. C.

SONG after COWLEY.

YOUR beauty first within my breast
The spark of love did raise;
And then your wit like bellows came,
And blew it to a blaze.

And if why wit should fan a flame
You're at a loss to find;
Oh, think that *wit* is nought but *words*,
And *words* are nought but *wind*.

DELLA FUSCA.

POETRY OF THE ANTIJACOBIN.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Although it is pretty generally known who were the writers of the poetry in the Anti-Jacobin, the portions that each of the parties contributed has never been correctly ascertained. Accident put into my hands lately a copy belonging to one of the writers, in which were the following memoranda. The references are to the small edition published in the year 1799, by Wright.

I am your obedient servant,

M. J.

Page.

- 1 Introduction..G. Canning.
- 5 Inscription in Chepstow Castle..G. Canning.
- 6 Inscription for the Cell in Newgate..G. Canning and G. Ellis.
- 10 Sapphics. The Knife-Grinder..G. Canning.
- 12 The Invasion..J. Hiley Addington.
- 15 La Sainte Guillotine..G. Canning and J. H. Frere.
- 19 The Soldier's Friend..G. Canning.
- 22 Quintessence of Dactyls..G. Canning and W. Gifford.
- 23 Latin Verses..Marquis Wellesley.
- 26 Translation of the same..Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle.
- 29 The Choice. I believe—*pudet dicere*!—by Mr. Pitt.†
- 32 The Duke and the Taxing-Man..Supposed to be by the Chief Baron.
- 37 Song..G. Canning.
- 46 To the Author of the Epistle, &c..G. Canning.
- 55 Ode to Lord Moira..G. Ellis.
- 58 A bit of an Ode to Mr. Fox..G. Ellis.
- 62 Acme and Septimius..G. Ellis.
- 72 Progress of Man..G. Canning.
- 78 The same, continued..G. Canning.
- 87 Imitation of Horace..G. Ellis.
- 97 Progress of Man, continued..G. Canning.
- 103 The Jacobin..Nares.
- 108 The Loves of the Triangles..J. H. Frere.
- 122 The same, continued..G. Ellis, from beginning to line 143; the remainder by Canning.

† This proves nothing—but I may mention it as a curious fact, that many of the common Italians do not even now believe that Buonaparte is dead.

† This startled us, and, no doubt, will the reader.

- 134 The same, continued..G. Ellis, from beginning to the line ending "murmuring kiss," p. 136; then Canning, to line ending "and smiled," p. 138; then Frere, to the end.
- 142 Consolatory Address..Anonymous, but altered by G. Ellis, and little of the original left.
- 146 Elegy..G. Canning; except the 4th stanza, which is by Ellis; and the 9th and 11th by Frere.
- 150 Ode to my Country..Sir B. Boothby.
- 161 The Rovers..Frere.
- 177 Song..G. Canning and Ellis.
- 180 The Rovers, continued..Frere.
- 192-3 Song..Canning; Recitative, G. Ellis; Chorus, Canning.
- 203 Translation of a Letter..Canning and G. Ellis.
- 220 New Morality..Principally by G. Ellis.

THE ROYAL PLAINT.

[Imitated from the German of Lewis, King of Bavaria.]

'Tis onward now thy view must bound;
From faded joys thy glance be turned;
And hours of peace with blessing crowned,
Like fond and vanished dreams, be mourned.

In others' bliss thine own to find,
Is all the boon the future brings:
Of stranger joys is now entwined
The spell of royal revellings.

What though thou sowest goodly seed,
Thine eye shall never drink delight
From flowers that scent the smiling mead;
Nor track them to their fragrant site.

Fierce o'er the boundless ocean's foam
Thy bark is chased by tempests hoarse;
Around thee frowns unchanging gloom;
Nor homewards steers the helmsman's course.

Dead to thyself, thou liv'st anew,
In every blithsome liege's smile;
Nor other monument shalt know,
Save the bright memory of thy toil.

How fondly clings thy lingering thought
To scenes of by-gone happiness,
With purer, brighter, sunshine fraught—
Far dearer to thy heart's caress!

Ah! never mayst thou look behind,
But onwards shalt thou stretch thine eye:
Aye, onwards—onwards ever wind,
And bow thee to thy destiny.

NORTHERN ASIA.

[Further Extracts from the Correspondence of Dr. Erman.]

English Missionaries.

At Selenginsk, in the vicinity of Monachonova, Dr. E. passed a night at the house of the Rev. Mr. Robert Guills, who resides there as a missionary among the Buraetes with the two Messrs. Stanybrass. By dint of immense exertions, Mr. Guill has completed the greater portion of a Mandchoo and English, as well as of a Mongolic and English Dictionary. He has also composed a Manual of Geometry, and one of Plane Trigonometry in the Bratikian language, in which he has made use, though to what purpose did not appear, of the Mongolic numbers. Whatever success these missionaries may meet with, they will not be permitted to baptize their converts, as the Greek church is the only one in Russia which is privileged to receive converts from paganism or any other creed. Messrs. Kawalewsky and Popow, two Casan students, were occupied on the same spot in compiling a Mongolic and Russian Dictionary.

Rein-Deer Riding.

Nothing can be easier or less fatiguing than riding on reindeers: this arises in part from the swiftness of the animal's pace, or rather

flight, and in part from the position of the saddle, which is placed over his shoulder-blades. The luxury of reindeermanship is, it must be confessed, somewhat counterbalanced by the difficulty of maintaining one's seat across the animal's shoulders; for he will not submit to the slightest touch or correction from his riders.

Severity of Climate.

The cold is so intense in the neighbourhood of Beresow on the banks of the Ob, that the ice is frequently four feet eight inches in thickness. This circumstance is admirably provided against by the beaver, who makes two entrances to his den—the one above the surface of the water, and the other at a depth beyond the lowest reach of congelation. It has occasioned no little surprise that glaciers should be unknown in Siberia. Dr. E. accounts for this, by observing, that the tops of the higher mountains are destitute of snow; and he refers this last circumstance to the superior dryness of the more elevated streams of the atmosphere; in which quality they surpass anything that is known under European skies.

Gold Mines of Beresow.

These mines, which lie fifteen English miles to the north-east of Ekaterinenburg, are found in a slaty primitive mountain (*chlorito schiefer*, chlorite-slate,) and are very similar to those on the northern side of the Ural in the latitude of 67.0. It is extremely probable, therefore, that the eastern slope of the most northerly mountains of the Ural is as auriferous as the southern.

JAVANESE RECOLLECTIONS.

[Extracts from a Diary.]

A Freeman; his Symbol.—Horses were harnessed to our vehicle, and we took leave of our hosts. The first thing which attracted my notice, as I threw myself into the carriage, was the dress of the driver and the diminutive size of the horses. The former was barefooted, wore narrow trowsers of red-striped gingham, and a frock of flowered cotton cloth, which was gathered up beneath his girdle, and exposed a long dagger, or crease, to view, stuck through his girdle behind his back. "This crease," as friend X. informed me, "shows that our driver is not a slave; and it is for this reason he is careful to exhibit it. Every Javanese, as well as every Eastern inhabitant throughout the island, goes about armed either with a crease or golock (which is a species of short broad-sword with a wooden sheath), or a badeh-badeh,—a dagger with a straight blade, smaller than a crease. These weapons are generally made of steel of excellent quality; their age is the almost infallible criterion of their value, and little attention is paid either to the hilt or scabbard; though some of their chiefs wear daggers with a hilt and sheath beautifully worked in silver or gold, and, at times, set with precious stones."

Swiftness of Travelling.—The distance from Anjer to Ceram, the chief town of the residency of Bantam, is above five and twenty miles, which we traversed in less than three hours. Though the horses were small, and lean as Pharaoh's kine, they never relaxed from a smart trot or a gallop. When once set going, they did not slacken their pace till they reached the next station, where fresh horses were harnessed in a couple of minutes. Whenever we had to mount an acclivity, the driver, to my great surprise, always increased the speed of his animals; urging them forwards by peculiar motions and the incessant smacking of his whip. As the horses possess more blood than physical strength, they are obliged to make a vigorous run before they climb a hill; for if they were suffered to move slowly, or halt for wind, it would prove no easy task to set them in motion again. As it is,

whenever the road passes over high mountains, such as the Polla and others of the Preangers, you are forced to borrow the assistance of buffaloes.

A Native Prince.—During our short abode under the roof of the resident at Ceram, we received a visit in which the smattering of Malay, which I had picked up in my course, gave me a much livelier interest, as well as a far better opportunity of gaining an insight into the character of the natives, through the medium of an oral intercourse with them. The personage in question was the regent of a district who had come to pay his respects to the resident. His retinue consisted of five or six Javanese, one of whom carried his *payong*,—that important appendage, a parasol, by the colours and golden rays of which the particular rank and office of a chieftain are duly displayed; a second attendant bore his tobacco-pouch; a third, his spitting-cloth; and so forth. As the prince entered, I observed that he had distinct modes of greeting for the several parties present. When saluting the resident, he inclined his head and shoulders very low, stretching out both hands, as if he had intended to embrace his host's knees; this, however, the resident prevented, by laying hold of his hand, and shaking it heartily. The secretary was greeted with a much less obsequious bow, accompanied by the offer of his hand; and the remainder of the party with a slight inclination of the head, and a *Tabe tuan*, or Good day, Sir! though he seemed somewhat dubious as to whether something more were not due to myself and my companion. This ceremony having been duly gone through, he accepted an arm-chair, which the resident offered him close by his own side; but shortly shoved it away from him, and seated himself on the floor. Two of his attendants, sitting upon their heels, ranged themselves behind him in readiness to serve him with his pouch or cloth; and the others, sitting in a similar manner, took up their position in the rear of the whole company. A rubber at whist wound up the evening's entertainments.

The insular Police.—Three stages from Ceram brought us to the village of Tanara, at the mouth of the Tjikandie, whose source rises in the residency of Boitenburg. At this spot we fell in with the chief officer, or *schout*, who was making a round on horseback, accompanied by some of his *opassers*, or gens-d'armes. I was heartily amused with the style of their equipment. They were natives of a somewhat wild-looking exterior, dressed in long trousers, and a camisol of blue cloth, with a green collar and cuffs of the same, over which was thrown a white garment, not unlike a countryman's frock. In common with all their fellow-countrymen, they had a coloured cloth wound about their heads, and over that a *tondor* of a flat shape, painted white. An infantry sword, of diminutive dimensions, hung by their side; their feet were naked, and a common spur was fastened on to their right heel. Their horses did not exceed the size of a large calf, and seemed out of all proportion with their riders, howbeit they were not beyond the middle stature. In nature's spite, however, a signal from their superior set them in motion at a full gallop.

Dancing Girls.—When under Mr. G.'s roof, on the banks of the Tangerang, our evening's amusements were diversified, as is usually the custom in Java, with the revels of the *kongings*, or dancing-girls; they tripped in unison with the monotonous cadences of a dozen of Javanese instruments, which constitute, when *en masse*, what is called a *gamelang*; five or six girls, forbidding enough of feature, dressed without much regard for the laws of taste, their hair bedizened with flowers, and their bodies covered with gold and white paint, set up a song, or, more properly speaking, a measured howl, during which they hid their faces behind a fan, and danced about,

exhibiting all sorts of contortions with their arms, legs, and fingers. "These," said my companion, "are our Bayaderes; though far inferior in personal charms to the same race in Hindustan, you must not wrong us by inferring that all ours are such very Hecates."

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

June 14, 1830.

ROYAL Medals were presented to Professor Lee, and to the Chairman of the Committee, as representative of J. F. Davis, Esq.; the Medal of the Institution was presented to Sir William Onseley, as representative of Major David Price.

The Report, which is just published, abounds with much interesting matter; we have only room for the present extract:—"A copy of Professor Lee's Translation of 'Ibn Batuta's Travels,' was presented in person by Colonel Fitz-Clarence to the Pope, who not only received it most graciously and thankfully, but, to mark his approbation of the Oriental Translation Fund, immediately gave orders that the literary treasures of the Vatican Library should be thrown open to the Colonel's researches.

"To this was added every assistance from the celebrated scholar, Angelo Mai, who by the well-judged selection of the Papal Government, had been constituted Librarian; with permission to transcribe any manuscript contained in it, at the wish of the Committee.

"Various works are announced as nearly ready for publication, among which we find,

"A translation of the Armenian History of Vartan," by Professor Neumann; "An Arabic System of Algebra," by Professor Rosen; "A History of Japan," &c. &c.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

In consequence of his Majesty's decease, the meeting to have taken place on the 26th was adjourned to Monday.

We are glad to hear that the school connected with this Institution will open on the 1st of November—a house having been taken in Gower Street, capable of accommodating 150 pupils. The total annual expense is not to exceed fifteen pounds. Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic, and Writing, Geography and Drawing if desired, are to be taught. The head master is a clergyman of the Church of England: he is at present abroad collecting information as to the mode of instruction pursued in the principal continental schools. The age at which boys are to be admitted is fixed at nine; this appears to us worthy of a fresh consideration. The admission should be regulated more by the acquirements of the pupil than his age.

FINE ARTS.

A GREEK PAINTING, TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

WHILE succeeding ages wondered at and admired the statuary of the ancient Greeks, they agreed, on somewhat insufficient grounds, that their pictures were wholly inferior. The Greeks themselves, it is true, did not think so; and it was not unreasonable to believe, that, surrounded by both, they were quite as competent to determine the question, as men who had never looked on a single Greek picture. It happens, however, by a strange chance, that later ages are much better able to determine this question. It was not heretofore one of evidence, but was argued on principles of universal application; the discoveries at Pompeii, therefore, bear as importantly on the question as if it had been a Greek city;—the question relates to ancient art generally, and not to any local

knowledge or manifestation of it. We intended, therefore, to call the attention of all who feel an interest in this question, to some of the illustrations in Sir Wm. Gell's beautiful work on that city. It must, however, be remembered, that in all Pompeii nothing costly has been discovered; the presumption therefore is, that the paintings on the walls were cheap and trifling. The larger paintings are decidedly the worse, and may be original; but the smaller, and the merely ornamental, were probably done with the stamp, or what we call stencilled, still common all over Italy. House-painting is indeed but a poor measure of the genius and ability of a nation; but these stamps would probably be after admired works, as our plaster figures are cheap copies of the finest things in existence; and the beauty of some of these ancient grotesque paintings is known and proved by their suggesting to Raphael the designs in the Loggia of the Vatican, the most beautiful ornamental paintings in the world. We are not perhaps competent, certainly we have no room, to enter upon this subject learnedly; we shall leave it to others, or to other occasions, to consider whether the ancients did or did not understand perspective—whether they used more or not more than four colours;—nay, we would not contradict any, who with Gell's work open before them, or rather looking on the pictures themselves, should assert that the colouring was bad and the drawing worse; but we should dispute if they denied that the expression was often admirable. And after all, colour and form are but *means*—in the hand of a great painter wonderful indeed, but only a means to a high end. But the drawing is not, in our opinion, incorrect; it is rather hasty and imperfect, always free and bold; the colouring is not bad, but coarse and negligent; there is always truth and spirit in the general effect; and the little dancing bacchante figures on black grounds, so often copied and more than once engraved, and now preserved in the Museum at Naples, are beautiful and expressive beyond belief, and ought to settle the question for ever. If, however, what we are about to state can be established on reasonable evidence, the point is determined; for, in honest truth, all we have said is but prologomena to introduce to our reader's notice, without starting them, one of the most extraordinary works of art the world has yet seen. It is, or it professes to be, and we shall inform ourselves more particularly of its history, a Grecian painting, the portrait of Cleopatra; it is attributed to Timomachus who was patronized by Augustus, and mentioned by Pliny as the last painter who followed the style of Apelles in encaustic—an art now lost to the world, and in which this picture is believed to be painted. It has been some time in this country, although not heretofore publicly exhibited; and we confess we have doubts about the two thousand years. But of whatever age it may be, it is undoubtedly a most extraordinary work of art, and would do honour even to Da Vinci or to Raphael; and some parts are, in mere power of colouring, inferior only to Titian. Cleopatra is represented holding the fatal adder in her hand, which has just inflicted the mortal wound: death has cast his pale shadow over her; but there is a dignity in her resignation that indeed justifies what Shakspeare makes her say,

"He takes a queen
Worth many babes and beggars."

The general expression of the face reminded us of a famous St. Cecilia by Domenichino—but Domenichino, though a great painter, was not essentially a great man, and could not have conceived such a figure. However, we must restrain ourselves;—indeed we should have hesitated to say one half as much, but that it will be open to the public generally on Monday, with many other works of art, at the Bazaar in Ox-

ford Street, where we intend to see it again and at more leisure.

MONUMENTS OF BISHOPS MIDDLETON AND HEBER.

We alluded heretofore to the strange coincidence in the designs for these monuments, by Chantrey and Lough. We then offered no opinion of our own, but stated fairly what was urged by their several friends. We have, however, on reading over the Appendix to the second volume of "The Life of Heber," p. 494, met with a description of the monument designed by Chantrey, that is certainly strangely corroborative of the assertions of Mr. Lough's friends—"The design for the monument, on which Mr. Chantrey is now at work, is that of a colossal figure of the Bishop, kneeling on a pedestal, in the attitude of devotion, with one hand resting on his bosom, and the other resting on the Bible." Now if the two Hindoos be removed, this is an exact description of the monument even now. The Bishop is kneeling in the attitude of devotion, his left hand is resting on his bosom, and, except for the trifling inclination of the wrist, the right is resting on the Bible, which is open before him. We certainly could not but feel the force, from the first, of what Mr. Lough's friends urged, that the Bishop's attitude was inconsistent with the idea of his giving the benediction—but, in our high opinion of Mr. Chantrey, we would not permit, for a moment, the consequences they deduced to enter our mind. We have no doubt, even now, the circumstances may be explained—but we reluctantly confess there must be some explanation.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THIS Exhibition has closed after a very successful season; but we cannot let the type be dispersed without showing the last impression which we took, as we well know that we shall never see the matter set up again: we of the press must be pardoned speaking in the language of our craft, as we should pardon the artist that stole images from his own divine art.

We praised the "Lady with a letter," in a late notice of this Exhibition,—and its power of colouring merited what we said of the fair artist;—but we were not so ungallant as to speak the truth about No. 73, "A Domestic Scene," in which an old lady was doing grand-mama, through a pair of spectacles, and a young Mr. and Mrs. Silky were simpering over what an Irish critic would have called *three twins*. Neither did we speak aloud upon No. 127, "A Girl with a Guitar," which was no other than a lady with a miniature face, sitting bolt upright in her smooth beauty over a straight fiddle, with straight arms, and certainly looking rather straight-laced. We like not to say ill-natured things, and therefore passed "Calypso's isles in silence by!"—The Exhibition is now over—patrons have paid their money, which is better in the artist's pocket—and our hints may serve Art itself. Another year, and other offences, and we may not be so courteous.

Mr. CATTERMOLE's drawings grew upon us, and we ought perhaps to have said so. His "Shylock" (there is a *run* upon Shylock in art,) was very powerful, though too much huddled in the grouping, which endangered the effect. The various clusters of robbers, carousing and storytelling, were hit off with the dash of a brigand. The inky purple hue which marks every drawing of this artist, gives, however, almost the character of a mannerist.

DEWINT's "Lincoln," was Lincoln hallowed by the genius of art.

No. 137, "Come unto these Yellow Sands," was an enchanting and intoxicating invitation, which the more you looked at, the less you could resist;—but the "Yellow Sands" had nothing to do with the picture. We knew not what that

brown, mellow, dancing, deathless group was intended for; but there it was—and there it was never intended to be. Mr. Christal had achieved a large picture in which this classical revelry was introduced; but the picture being good at heart, was not sold. Mr. Robson, who is a lover as well as professor of art, bought the drawing at the close of a former Exhibition; and, seeing that "the appliances" were at fault, cut away the limbs and outward flourishes of the picture, and got Mr. G. Barret to paint in a warm suitable landscape; this the critics did not find out, and we did not choose to tell them. Now, the dance goes madly on under a blue sky and by classic hills.

PROUT's "Venice" was the triumph of water colouring—and Venice herself is the triumph of water colour!—The green cap of the boatmen, relieved by the softer green scarf of his comrade, the water dallying with the hues of the awnings of the gondolas and barges, made the music of colour to the eye and heart.

FIELDING, in No. 64, "A Gale coming on at Sea," wetted his canvas with the true wave. The unnatural light and shade which precede a storm, making dark things light and light things dark, were on the clouds and on the sea: and the effect was awful.

We missed WILD's inimitable interiors. The powerful precision of his one picture, "Strasbourg Cathedral," only made us hunt the Catalogue for others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE marble basso-relievo of the Holy Family, by Michael Angelo, bequeathed by the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart., to the Royal Academy, ranks (though unfinished,) one of the most beautiful works of art in existence. The subject, a mother and infant children, or, as Milton expresses it, one of the "charities" of life,—being that which of all others awakens our sympathies and embraces the most lovely and amiable feelings.

The early biographers of M. Angelo allude to this and a similar work,—executed by him in the vigour of life, in the serenity of leisure, and under the happy influence of friendship,—but left unfinished. They were entirely lost, till accident discovered the one in question, in the year 1822, at which time Sir George Beaumont was in Rome. His good taste instantly led him to become its possessor; and it was purchased for him by his friend Canova, the sculptor, for 1500*l.*: it soon became evident, that it would have produced a much larger sum had it been more generally known, as many of the most tasteful of the English nobility were at that time in Rome.

This beautiful work was placed in the picture gallery of Sir G. Beaumont's house in Grosvenor Square, where it was much seen and admired, prints and paintings having been made of it. Sir George left it in his will to the Royal Academy, unless otherwise disposed of by his successors. The Dowager Lady Beaumont, wrote to Sir Thomas Lawrence expressing her intention to comply with the wishes of Sir George, which letter, however, is lost; but the present Baronet on becoming possessed of it, most handsomely surrendered it to Mr. Shee as President, and it is now placed in the council room of the Royal Academy, forming its chief ornament, with its pedestal inscribed "Michael Angelo 1505," surmounted by his bust. In this favourable situation the light falls from the left, showing the more finished parts to advantage, and causing those less perfect to become masses of shadow, having at a distance all the effect of a rich picture in *chiaroscuro*. Previous to its removal it was most carefully moulded by that excellent artist Sarti, of Greek Street, Soho, by the desire of Sir G. Beaumont, who wished to possess a cast.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

A splendid collection of works lately published by Messrs. Colnaghi, Son and Co. are now lying on our table, but at so late an hour that it is impossible to do anything like critical justice to them. We must, however, notice the highly interesting plate, in full face, profile, and three quarters of—

LAWRENCE, drawn on Stone, by Lane, from a plaster cast, taken at the age of thirty-four.—The motto from Shakspeare says, truly, "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures," and here the equal truth forces itself on us, that such pictures are truly but the sleeping. It is Lawrence himself, as we have seen him a hundred times in the abstraction of thought, and with all the gentle humanities beaming mildly in his countenance. We thought to have quieted our conscience with this slight acknowledgment until next week;—but

THE CARDINAL GONSALVI, by Lewis, from the picture of Lawrence, is one of those spirited heads that will not be deferred. The French, indeed, may well say, that English art is a new school; for what painter on the continent, with all their admirable precision and beauty of drawing, could produce such a living, breathing reality as this picture? It is one of the most powerful and effective drawings of the late President, and a fine contrast to the modest, delicate, and retiring beauty of

MISS SUSAN BLOXAM, by the same artists.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. No. III. Tilt.

THIS beautiful work continues with the same spirit, and the present number deserves our admiration equally with the preceding. Allonby, by Copley Fielding, and Mirkwood Mere by Barret, are our favourite plates. We do not indeed forget the Waste of Cumberland, a picture we hardly hope to see equalled—but such differences are dependent on taste and accident. Newark Castle, however, is not to be compared to the Dewint in the former, and Glasgow Cathedral by Westall, is hard, and altogether inferior. Barret has not only a fine subject, but has caught the very spirit of the poet:—

Late when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd, in chasteen'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam.

He has thrown a witchery around the romantic valley, that has a charm beyond the reality of English scenery.

Coney's Views of Ancient Cathedrals, Hotels, &c. in France, Holland, Germany, and Italy. No. 5. Moon, Boys, & Graves.

It is seldom the case, that works published in numbers improve in quality after the first or second part is before the public; this complaint cannot be made with Mr. Coney, who, in the present number, exceeds, we think, the four preceding ones. The "South Entrance to Rouen Cathedral" is elaborate, yet distinct in every part—"Notre Dame," in Paris, though not one of the most beautiful Gothic piles, is admirably etched—but our favourite is the "Hotel du Bourg" at Rouen, one of the most singular specimens of the domestic architecture of the middle ages;—nor does it lose in interest from being the place before which the Maid of Orleans suffered at the stake. We have lately heard, with infinite regret, that this interesting building is now in the course of demolition.

KING'S CONCERT ROOM, HAYMARKET.

ON Monday last, Mr. Oury's Concert took place at the above-mentioned room. It was rather well attended, particularly when we consider the abstracting interest relative to the pro-

clamation which pervaded almost all classes on that morning. The selections were in general good. The Concert opened with a violin concerto by Mr. Oury, (stated in the bills as its first performance in this country, but, if we mistake not very much, we have heard him play it before, at least the first movement); it was very decently performed—but nothing short of "very best" will do at present. Mr. Oury's fault is extreme imitation. He copies De Beriot's bowing from example, and Paganini's from hearsay: his ambition ought to be the attainment of a style of his own. Nevertheless, he is a young man of great promise: his double stopping is good—his tone is sweet and rich—he plays in tune (a *most rare virtue in a violin-player*), and he loves good music.

The only female vocalist at the Concert, was Madlle. Blasis; for though Mad. Malibran appeared and pretended to sing, she was not audible. If she really were so ill as she appeared to be, it was madness in her to come forward, and cruelty in those around her, to permit her to do so. There was no apologetic appeal to plead for her indisposition, and, somehow or other, the audience seemed very stony-hearted. Everybody looked as wise, and was as mute as Lord Burleigh, but at the same time shook his head! Lablache and Santini sang their *duo* from "Il Matrimonio Segreto" with great power, as did Blasis and Begrez their Rossini duet. The *entre-acte* music—the "*Marcia funebre*"—independent of its being *innately bad*, was badly done. Melancholy could never be excited by such a drawing thing. Heraclitus himself could not extract a tear, even from "the true performance" of it—it is no wonder then that it should make people sleep instead of weep. Mr. Moschelles' performance at this Concert was very brilliant and effective. We think him improved in style.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

New Quadrilles from the Ballet of William Tell; by J. B. Nadaud. Johanning & Whatmore.

Quadrille de Contre-danses, &c.; par Flamini Duvernay. Same Publishers.

These quadrilles contain some pretty subjects, and are well arranged, particularly M. Nadaud's. We can recommend them for lightness and facility.

"*Pro omnibus bibo*." A song, composed by Edward Schulz. Johanning & Whatmore.

THE title-page of this production presents us with the portrait of a veritable Father Paul at his most zealous devotion—drinking; a genuine Paul Potter, lithographed by Gauci. There is nothing particularly good in the composition; it is an inoffensive trifle, to all save the class it was intended to ridicule, which intention, by the bye, it effects more by the fat friar's portrait than anything else.

No. V. Lays of Harmony; or, the Musical Scrap-Book. A Collection of the most admired National Melodies. Adapted by N. B. Challoner. In Books, each containing Twelve favourite Airs. Mayhew & Lee.

It is now a considerable period since we noticed the commencing four books of this very useful work, (see the Athenæum, No. 102, p. 634,) and the extraordinary success which it has experienced, (and which we in some measure anticipated,) it seems, has induced the publishers to continue the work beyond the four numbers originally projected. We understand it is not only found of singular utility for teachers of young musical persons, but amusing and interesting to adults, who have but little leisure to keep up the practice of music, taught to them at an early period. The fifth Book comprises a vast number of amusing trifles, arranged in the easiest possible manner.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new piece by Mr. Morton, entitled "Separation and Reparation," was produced at this house on Thursday night. As a dramatic composition, it must be classed among the *mediocres* of the day; but a light pleasant vein of humour, if not wit, pervades it, and keeps up the interest. As to plot, there is no great deal in it,—the principal action springing from the anxiety of a wily lawyer, *Von Grotius* (Mr. Farren), to reconcile, from interested motives, a certain *Baron Malamour* (Cooper), to his lady (Miss Mordaunt). An elaborate criticism would be thrown away on this *petite comédie*, as it is designated, but which in reality is a good farce. The dialogue is sprightly, but very often coarse; this is a vice of the Haymarket productions. We have seen many a pretty face smile behind a fan or white-handkerchief at a joke in this house, which if said in a drawing-room would call up the "modest crimson," and perhaps the footman too to dismiss the speaker. What a strange perversion of taste it is, to imagine *double entendre* is wit! Nothing can be more absurd, except the sanction and public permission that one place of *spectacle* possesses over another to be indelicate and gross. In the winter houses they are very rigid indeed, for we recollect the words "*cateris paribus*" being expunged from a play by the saintly licenser, on the supposition that as they were *foreign* expressions, the ignorant might conclude something unutterable in the vernacular was meant. There are no such qualms of conscience in the summer houses; perhaps it is owing to the season.

The admirable manner in which this piece was played, renders us perhaps less able to decide impartially on its merits. Farren's impersonation of the lawyer was above all praise. He is irresistible as he threads his way through the perplexities that beset him, and in the arts by which he converts all who cross his path into instruments for furthering his ends. The part of *Madame Gilderland* is not perhaps particularly well adapted to Mrs. Glover; but she played it as she does everything—admirably. Cooper's *Malamour* had great spirit; Miss Mordaunt looked sweet and winning as his bride: and Webster as the *Gamekeeper*, was very comically effective. In fact, whether comedy or farce, "Separation and Reparation" was very well received, and we have no doubt will supersede or shelf for a time "other and abler" productions.

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI THEATRE.

Mr. Arnold's company commenced their season's performances at this little Theatre on Thursday. There was nothing of novelty save the new "God save the King," and Miss Kelly's re-appearance. The dissyllabic quantity of his present Majesty's christian name creates a great difficulty to the dove-tailing scribes who have been employed to fit the words of the national anthem to present emergencies. It quite "confounds their politics" in the art of crambo-writing; but we give Mr. Arnold's variation, such as it is:—

God save our noble King,
William the Fourth we sing,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.
O Lord our God arise,
O Lord him from enemies,
Or make them fall;
May peace, with plenty crown'd,
Throughout his realms abound,
So be his name renown'd,
God save us all.
Or should some foreign band
Dare to this favour'd land
Discord to bring;

May our brave William's name,
Proud in the lists of fame,
Bring them to scorn and shame:
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On William deign to pour,
Joy round him fling:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Of Miss Kelly we must say as of Kean, she is seen to best advantage in a small theatre—her performance was truly powerful. In this very badly-constructed house, we question very much if Mr. Hawes, with all his ability, can produce anything like an effective opera; there is no such thing as seeing or hearing, unless in one or two situations. Really the architects of theatres are an ingenious tribe. In the side boxes one must have the neck of a giraffe before he can "contemplate the stage," and in the front, the ears of a weasel are absolutely necessary in order to catch a sound.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Madlle. Mars may shortly be expected in London, accompanied by M. Armand. They will perform together at the King's Theatre, for a limited number of nights.

A burlesque extravaganza called "The Massacres, a brain-fever in three crises," was produced at the Théâtre de la Gaîté. The names and title are clever; the humour of the piece itself, however, did not suit that of the audience, for it was unavocably damned.

Another burlesque, entitled "Les Brioches," has met with better luck at the Variétés, where these *brioches* have so far hit the taste of the town as to be in nightly requisition.

"The Polish Vassals," a new melo-drama by Lemerrier, has also been successful at the Ambigu Comique.

Madame Dervient Schroeder, who has been such a favourite at the German Opera this season, is about to leave Paris, having declined an engagement at the Royal Academy of Music.

The Exhibition, which closed on Saturday and would have remained so until after the late King's funeral, was opened again on Tuesday, by the kind and especial command of his present Majesty.

Rembrandt.—The celebrated picture which Sir Thomas Lawrence valued so highly, and for which he paid 2200*l.*, was purchased by a dealer for 603*l.*

The portrait of his late Majesty in his coronation robes, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, was removed at five o'clock on Monday morning from the British Institution to the Council Room at St. James's Palace, by express command of his present Majesty.

At the sitting of the French Academy of Sciences on the 14th June, several papers and essays were presented and read by the different members, but none of any particular public interest; at a subsequent meeting on the 21st, M. Gergogue, Professor of Geometry at Montpellier, was named a corresponding member.

Ritta-Christina.—Most of our readers will doubtless remember the death of this duplex female infant, in December last, at Paris. We have seen a beautiful model, or rather cast, of this wonderful *lusus nature*, which has just arrived in this country, and will be, we believe, presented to and deposited in the Museum of St. Thomas's Hospital. It is in white plaster, and some one has inscribed the following, from Horace, on the pedestal—

Quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque quis [esse]t devinctior alter.

It would have been exhibited at the Conversation of the College of Physicians last Monday, but that, in consequence of the death of his Majesty, no meeting took place, and the College has closed for the season.

A Conservatory of Music has just been established at Madrid, similar to the French.

We notice among the remaining property of the late President, about to be sold at his house in Russell Square, is a beautiful "Dejeune," as Mr. Christie calls it, of modern Sèvres, presented to him by the King of France, and a superb French clock given by the Dauphine.

Fine Arts.—A new publication is advertised, in the *Journal des Débats*, to appear in a few days, under the title of "*Ecole Anglaise*," being a collection of drawings illustrative of the style and manner of English artists. The publishers state in their announcement, "That, if a taste for the Fine Arts did not find its way into England until it had been diffused through various other parts of Europe, the progress which it has subsequently made in that country has been very remarkable. Artists have increased with such rapidity, and their talent has assumed so marked a character, that they may be considered as forming an entirely 'new school.'" They add, "that their prospectus is not the place to examine whether that school is superior to others or not; it is sufficient that it is widely different from them, to render its productions worthy of being offered to amateurs and artists." We shall be curious to see some of the numbers of this selection.

Although, in comparison with our journals, the French Papers are poor indeed in their announcements of literary works, they are even in this respect neither unamusing nor uninteresting; they serve to show the direction which the popular taste and the popular mind has taken, or is about to take. We observe that the attention of our neighbours is almost engrossed, at the present time (we mean their literary attention—that is to say, so much of their thoughts as is not occupied by Algiers and the elections,) by various religious harmonies and divine flights of pious poetry, from the pens of the celebrated De la Martine and others,—among the rest, a small effusion called "*La Nouvelle Messie*," a poem in sixteen books and 500 pages, by Edouard Alletz. Along with these is noticed a work of great interest to persons of taste, being a "*Gastronomic Journal*," published every three days, and now in its twenty-ninth number. Its bill of fare appears very piquant, and it is represented to have an extensive circulation among the Parisians, whose taste is too spicy to relish *Plain Cookery* or a *Prose Religion*.

Fremont, the avowed accessory to the murder of Courrier, has been sentenced by the Tribunal of Tours to pay an "amende" of 10,000 francs and interest, to the *Children of the deceased*. We must acknowledge that the French code is, in this respect, a great improvement on our system of law, under which it is better to break a man's neck than his wrist. We have known 500*l.* damages recovered here for the sprained arm of a fiddler, and 200*l.* for the bruised scapula of a lawyer's clerk, whilst any Dives may run over any Lazarus with impunity, provided he do but kill him outright:

Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless children mourn.

We once heard a stage-coachman fearfully eloquent on the inducement which this state of the law held out to him, in the event of any serious upset, to put as many of the poor d—ls as he could "out of their misery."

Preservation of Wine.—The average loss by the bursting of champagne bottles, is from ten to twenty per cent. With a view to prevent such loss, by discovering means of ascertaining the best form and requisite thickness of bottles, M. Collardeau contrived a machine which he presented to the Académie des Sciences, for trying the strength of bottles by an arrangement similar to Bramah's hydraulic press. With

this apparatus he found that the bottles in common use burst with a pressure of from twelve to fifteen atmospheres—a surprising resistance considering the brittleness of the material. It remains therefore to ascertain the utmost expansive force of the wine, and then, by experiment with M. Collardeau's apparatus, to direct the most advantageous form and necessary thickness of the glass to withstand such pressure.

Substitute for Fire.—It is said that a Swede has lately invented a machine composed of two parallel wheels, turning contrary ways with great velocity, which, by the extreme agitation given to the air, produces heat equal to a stove!!!

French Coinage.—Experiments are now making to obtain an exergue for the five-franc pieces in bolder relief than hitherto. A new coinage of gold pieces, of ten francs each, to be called *deni-louis*, is also about to issue, having the edges milled like the English sovereigns.

Obelisks of Thebes.—The French have dispatched Baron Taylor to Egypt, for the purpose of procuring the Pacha's permission to remove the two Obelisks now at Thebes. As our own Consul lays claim to one, it is probable some discussion will arise between the parties.

Moscow.—It is stated in the Russian papers, that during the year 1829 there were 8824 births, and only 4466 deaths, in that capital.

An antiquarian has lately pointed out an ancient inscription at Tivoli, which is calculated to excite the attention of the politician perhaps even more forcibly than that of the archaeologist. The well-known sepulchre of the Plautian family, near the Ponte Lucano, contains an inscription of Titus Plautius, who was twice Consul in the time of Trajan, after filling various provincial offices, amongst which was the post of Pro-prator of Mæsia, which comprehended Bulgaria and Servia. The various acts of this functionary are described on the stone; and one of them is thus related—"Scytharum quoque regem Acheronensi, quæ est ultra Borustensem, obsidione summo, primus ex ea Provincia magno tritici modo Annonam populi Romani adlevavit." Now, geographers are agreed that the Dnieper was the ancient Borysthenes; on the other side of that river lies Taganrog, and not far from it, Odessa; from both of which places large exportations of grain are made. This channel of trade was unknown to modern times even at so recent a date as thirty years ago, though it was, as evidently appears from the preceding inscription, familiar to the ancient Romans in the most flourishing period of their glory.

Extraordinary Cavern.—In Argyle, 120 miles from Sydney, and three or four from Shoal Haven, there is a curious cavern. Although it has long excited the curiosity of persons travelling in that quarter, no one had undertaken the laborious task of exploring it, until Mr. William Shelly, of Paramatta, lately ventured to pry into its "depths profound." He went down about 1200 feet, and would have gone farther had the rope by which he descended been long enough to admit of it. He describes the appearance as gloomy and awful in the extreme, abounding with stupendous crags, in a thousand romantic forms. When he entered its mouth, the cold was so intense, that the ground was covered with hoar-frost; but it grew warmer as he descended, and at the deepest point he reached, the heat was scarcely supportable. There is a similar cavern at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, but not so formidable in its appearance as this. The Shoal Haven Gully, about two miles to the eastward, is supposed to be 1700 feet deep. Mr. Shelly intends to resume his researches with better preparations, determined not to give up until he finds the bottom.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 26.—The Commemoration was celebrated as usual, when the prize compositions were recited, and the Hon. Degree of Doctor in Civil Law conferred on General Lord Viscount Combermere, Captain Sir Thomas Fellowes, Bt., and John Shute Duncan, Esq. M.A. keeper of the Ashmolean Museum.

On Tuesday last the Rev. Wm. Carwithen, M.A. of St. Mary Hall, was admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity by accumulation.

The following degrees have been conferred:
Masters of Arts: Edmund Pepys, Oriel, grand compounder; James Corry Connelan, Oriel; Rev. Thomas Morgan, and Samuel Lilley, Jesus coll.; Rev. Thomas Hutton, Magdalen; John Malcolm, Christ Church; Rev. Thomas Woodruffe, St. John's; Samuel Hingeston, Lincoln; Rev. Thomas Hand, Ralph Etwall, and Rev. Walter Ashfordby Trenchard, Trinity Coll.

Bachelors of Arts: Alfred Fisher, St. Alban Hall; John Cunningham, and Thomas Lewis Williams, University; the Rt. Hon. Viscount Grimston, Richard Ellison, and John Edwards, Christ Church; and Henry A. Gilbert, Exeter College.

On Monday last the Rev. Andrew Bloxam and the Rev. Chas. Collins Walkey, Scholars of Worcester College, were admitted Fellows of that society.

CAMBRIDGE, July 2.—At the congregation to-morrow a grace will be offered to the Senate, "To authorize the Committee of the Pitt Club to erect, at their own expense, under the superintendence of the Syndics of the Press, a new building to be called the Pitt Press, between Silver-street and Mill-lane."

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

LITERATURE.

Forthcoming.—General Sir Hugh Dalrymple's Proceedings at Gibraltar and in Portugal, as far as the same may be connected with a full and faithful Narrative of the Peninsular War.

General Church is about to publish Observations on an Eligible Line for the Frontier of Greece.

Just Published.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Macintosh's History of England, Vol. 1. 12mo. bds. 6s.—Cayley's Commercial Economy, 8vo. bds. 7s. 6d.—Talbot's Legendary Tales, 8vo. bds. 8s. 6d.—Maycock's Flora Barbadosensis, 8vo. bds. 18s.—The Psalmist, 24mo. cloth, 4s.—Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 56. 18mo. bds. 3s. 6d.—Juvenile Library, Lives of Remarkable Youth, Vol. 1. 18mo. cloth, 4s.—Galt's Southeyan, 3 vols. 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—Faith of Catholics, 8vo. bds. 12s.—Stories about Mortimer, 18mo. 2s.—Bodley's Annual Register, 1829, 16s. bds.

FINE ARTS.

Forthcoming.—Longhi, the celebrated engraver, has announced an illustrated History of Engraving.—View of Grantham Church, engraved by J. Le Keux, from a Drawing by Simpson.—Portrait of William Morgan, Esq. F.R.S. from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Portrait of the late Robert Gooch, M.D. from a picture by Linell.—The Assumption of the Virgin, by Fra. Bartolomeo di St. Marco; engraving by Mr. Saunders.
Just Published.—Landscape Illustrations of the Waterley Novels, Part 3.—Westall's Great Britain Illustrated, No. 27.—Sir E. Codrington, engraved by Turner.—Portrait of the Duke de Reichstadt, engraved by Bromley, from Sir T. Lawrence.—British Domestic Animals, Parts 1 and 2, oblong folio.—Chatham, and Portsmouth from Spithead, drawn by Stanfield, engraved by Allen.—Fram, the winner of the Derby, 1830, from a painting by J. F. Herring, engraved by R. G. Reeve.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 24	68.5 58.5	29.65	N.W.	Clear.
Fr. 25	63 59	29.55	N. E.	Rain.
Sat. 26	75 56	29.45	S.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 27	77 59	29.52	S.	Clear.
Mon. 28	76.5 59	29.60	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 29	80 76	29.60	—	Ditto.
Wed. 30	76 64	29.70	E.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Cirrostratus, Cirro-cumulus, and Cumulostratus. The Cirrus cloud, on clear mornings, at a great altitude.

Nights and mornings for the most part fair.
Mean temperature, 66.5.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury stationary on Sunday.

The Moon in Apogee at 2h. on Tuesday.

Sun's geocentric longitude on Wed. 8° 6' in Cancer.

Length of day on Wed. 16h. 30m.; decreased, 4m.

No night.

Sun's horary motion 2' 23". Logarithmic number of distance .007201.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vindex, with accompanying papers, has come to hand, but too late even to be looked over; the party shall hear from the Editor.

Our kind Italian friend will find a translation of his paper in a forthcoming Number.

A Series of Papers on the LIVING ARTISTS will forthwith appear in this Journal. No. 1. Pickerswick, R.A.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON.—The PUMP-ROOM OPENED for the Season on MONDAY MAY 3. HOT MINERAL WATERS: Carlsbad and Ems. COLD Ditto: Spa, Pyrmont, Marienbad, Eger, Seitzer, Seidchut, &c. &c.

PROSPECTUSES of the Establishment, giving an account of the Medical effects of the above Mineral Waters, may be had, gratis, at the Pump-Room, and at the LONDON AGENTS, viz. J. and G. WAUGH, 177, Regent-street; and at R. COWARD'S, 63, Cheapside.

EVERYTHING for the WORK-TABLE.
Cottons, Worsted, Lamb's Wools, Crewels, Flaw, Decker's and other Silks, all sizes, colours, and shades, for embroidering, rug-work, sewing, knitting, netting, and mending; Needles, Pins, Scissors, and fine Cutlery; Gill and Steel Beads, Silks, Tassels, Snaps, &c. for purses, with every Article in Steel, Silver, Ivory, Pearl, and Tortoiseshell, for the furnishing of work-boxes, and suited to every description of plain and ornamental needlework, at WILKES'S New Cotton Warehouse, 146, Regent-street, midway between the Quadrant and the Argyll Rooms, and at no other house in London, the old Establishment in the Strand being entirely closed.—W. J. W., 146, Regent-street.

Literature, Arts, &c.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
COLNAGHI, SON, and Co. Printers to His Majesty, Pall Mall East, have the honour to inform the admirers of the Works of the late President of the Royal Academy, that they have just published the following splendid Portraits after his Pictures:—

HIS MAJESTY CHARLES X. Whole-length. Engraved by Charles Turner, A.R.A. Proofs before letters, 4s. 4d.; ditto, with letters, 3s. 3d.; Prints, 11s. 6d. 1/2. The Picture is now in the British Institution.

The Prince Metternich, half-length, seated. Engraved by S. Cousins. Proofs before letters, 3s. 3d.; Proofs with the letters, 2s. 2d.; Prints, 11s. 1d. 1/2. Now exhibiting in the British Institution.

The Cardinal Gonsalvi. Engraved in imitation of the Original Drawing, now exhibiting at the British Institution, by F. C. Lewis. Price of the tinted Proofs, and before letters, 11s. 6d.; Proofs with the letters, 11s. 1d.; Prints, 12s.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle; a whole-length. Engraved by C. Turner, A.R.A. Proofs before letters, 4s. 4d.; Proofs with the letters, 3s. 3d.; Prints, 11s. 1d.

The Right Hon. J. Wilson Croker. Engraved by S. Cousins. Proofs before letters, 2s. 12s. 6d.; Proofs with the letters, 11s. 6d.; Prints, 12s. 1/2. This Picture is now at the British Institution.

Sir Astley B. Cooper. Engraved by S. Cousins. Proofs before letters, 4s. 12s. 6d.; Proofs with the letters, 2s. 12s. 6d.; Prints, 11s. 6d.

Sir E. Canning; by Turner. Proofs, 11s. 1d.
Dr. Adam Young. Engraved by C. Turner, A.R.A. Proofs before letters, 3s. 3d.; Proofs with the letters, 2s. 2d.; Prints, 11s. 1d.

Miss Susan Blosam. Engraved in imitation of the Drawing, by F. C. Lewis. Proofs before letters, and tinted, 11s. 1d.; Proofs with the letters, 12s.; Prints, 7s. 6d.

Mr. John Kemble, in the Character of Cato. To be engraved by Mr. S. Cousins. Proofs before letters, 4s. 4d.; Proofs with the letters, 3s. 3d.; Prints, 11s. 6d. Books are opened at the Publishers', COLNAGHI, SON, and Co. Pall Mall East, for the insertion of names. The impressions will be scrupulously delivered in the order they are subscribed for. Engravings from the following Pictures, now exhibiting at the British Institution, will be published by COLNAGHI, SON, and Co. during the next season:—

Her Grace the Duchess of Richmond.
The Right Hon. the Countess Gower and Child. To be engraved on Steel by Mr. S. Cousins. Proofs before letters, 6s. 6d.; Proofs with the letters, 4s. 4d.; Prints, 2s. 2d.

The Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Ellis and Child. To be engraved on Steel by Mr. S. Cousins. Proofs before letters, 4s. 4d.; Proofs with the letters, 2s. 2d.; Prints, 11s. 6d.

N.B. A few Proofs and good Impressions are still to be had of the following Portraits, after Lawrence:—

Princess Charlotte; by Golding.
Prince Leopold; by Lewis.
Duke Wellington; by W. D. Taylor.
Marquess Wellesley; by Turner.
Lord Aberdeen; by ditto.
Lord Eldon; by Doo.
Lord Exmouth; by Turner.
Earl of Liverpool; by ditto.
Archbishop of Canterbury; by ditto.
Mr. (now Sir Robert) Peel; by ditto.
Mr. Canning, (whole-length); by ditto.
Mr. Canning, (half-length); by ditto.
Lord Whitworth; by ditto.
Mr. Windham; by Reynolds.
Sir T. Le Breton; by Turner.
Mr. Angerstein; by ditto.
Mrs. Littleton; by ditto.
Marchioness of Thomond; by ditto.
Lady G. Fane; by ditto.
Master Lambton; by Cousins.

1/2. Most of the above Pictures are now exhibiting at the British Institution.

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